

February 21, 1962

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THAT WON A
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See page 3



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Musicians and money matters usually don't mix, and reporter Betty Best writes that the famous conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent (see p. 4) once said music was an escape from Mammon.

SO she was rather surprised when, during a rehearsal of Sir William Walton's "Gloria," he burst into one choral line to cue the orchestra, "Praise the God of Gold!" but then added, "Bravo!"

But Betty learned there was an ironical logic in Sir Malcolm's remark.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra's tour of Australia and the East, despite official sponsoring, was facing a £3000 sterling deficit at the time—and the musicians were worried whether they might have to dip into their own pockets!

"It was just like Sir Malcolm to make a joke which the orchestra would enjoy," writes Betty.

A READER in Kent, England, writes that her husband, a schoolmaster, cuts out the pictures of birds in The Australian Women's Weekly and pins them up in his school for his pupils.

She is Mrs. Nancy Perry, of Ashford, and she also writes: "I enjoy the Letters Page."

"I think I have found the solution to a problem which bothered Mrs. B. J. Beaugle-hob, Western Australia, who was upset (November 22, 1961) because it is not now fashionable to display photographs about the house.

"At the back of every cupboard door in my house, in-

Our cover

The hairdo is the new Florentine style—named because it is inspired by the look women had in 15th-century Florence in Italy. The line appears in many of the great paintings of the period, and will be worn in the new season with fresh rosy make-up. Both hairdo and make-up are from Helena Rubinstein's Paris Salon. See page 10.

side, I have fixed all my favorite photographs.

"Wedding photographs go inside the wardrobe doors, groups of children inside wall cupboards, and toddlers and babies inside every other door.

"They are fixed on with sticky tape, and every time I open a door I say 'hello' to a friend."

TWO readers have written to tell us of the fine work selflessly done by the Salvation Army for people left distressed and homeless in Victoria's recent bushfire disaster.

One reader, who signed her letter "A.G.B." and gave her name and address, added:

"I feel I must speak up for them, as they probably will not speak up for themselves."

The other, a policeman's wife, ended her letter by hoping we would give the Salvation Army recognition for their wonderful work.

THE HORSE THAT WON THE LOTTERY

● It's not every horse that wins a £100,000 Opera House Lottery. And Myrtle, the black bread-cart mare from Burwood, N.S.W., is bucked to the long back teeth about it.

SINCE her favorite driver and friend Joe Wray, of Fairfield, struck it rich in the lottery, Myrtle has been preparing to retire.

Joe is going to buy her from Reed's Bakery, where they both worked, and put her out to grass at Mr. M. J. Thurbon's stud at Penrith.

There she'll be able to kick off her shoes and grow grey with dignity.

Her last shoes—they usually only last a week on the roads—will be silver-plated and raffled for charity organisations. But only three of them. Joe wants to keep one shoe as a memento of Myrtle.

"She's been a good friend to me," said 43-year-old bachelor Joe. "And now, it's nothing but the best for Myrtle."

"We'll put her in a float to take her to Penrith. The expense is no worry and she's never been in a float before."

"She's 21 now. Time she had a bit of a rest. The cart's getting a bit heavy for her."

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

While Myrtle's in clover, Joe plans to spend some of his winnings travelling round Australia in his new blue Mercedes-Benz saloon.

It will mean separation for them, which might be a bit strange to start with. For Myrtle and Joe have spent the best part of every week-day together for the past 16 years—since they were both new at the bakery.

It was Joe who gave Myrtle her name, because he saw it in a book. "It was either Myrtle or Sally," he said. "But she seemed to respond to Myrtle best."

Over the years on their eight-mile circuit of the Concord East district, delivering their daily 540lb. of bread, they've developed a deep understanding of each other.

"I've never seen two people so attached to each other," said a bakery employee. "She follows him everywhere—a brilliant mare, but she won't work for anyone else."

"It couldn't have happened to a nicer couple," say the other bakery boys.

In the four weeks since he won the lottery, Joe has been pretty busy with all the well-wishers who drop in at his home in Fairfield, where he lives with his mother, Mrs. E. Wray, and his sister, Laura, 29, who shared Joe's winning ticket.

And apart from a decision about Myrtle, the buying of the car, and a few new dresses for Mrs. Wray, Joe and Laura have reached no decision about how to spend the winnings.

"We think we'll invest it, though," said Joe. "Wisely," he added.



● Joe Wray, Burwood (N.S.W.) breadcarter who hit the jackpot with a £100,000 lottery win, feeds a tasty morsel to Myrtle (above), his beloved companion for 16 years. Myrtle will share in the windfall because she will be put out to pasture—at Joe's expense. Joe and Myrtle (left) with the bread cart in a special roadside pose after their big win.

— Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.





● London Philharmonic Orchestra awaits its conductor.

No animals — if you please!

—Sir Malcolm only has time for music

● When the London Philharmonic Orchestra leaves Britain for its Australian tour at the end of this month, it will be packed into a plane specially adapted for the trip. It will need to be, for there are no less than 95 people and 2½ tons of musical equipment involved.

WITH all this, and a busy concert programme, Sir Malcolm Sargent, one of the two conductors accompanying the orchestra, doesn't want to be worried about animals.

In his position as life president of the R.S.P.C.A., he does not want gifts of animals.

"They gave me lions, emus, and goodness knows what else

last time," he said with a laugh. "But we just don't have time for that sort of thing on this trip. Far too busy. It took weeks to place them all in zoos, and I shan't have a minute for anything outside work this time."

No normal plane could have managed the vast job of transporting the orchestra, so B.O.A.C. have been busy converting a Bristol Britannia 312 for the musical marathon.

To accommodate the 90 musicians, two conductors, a

manager, attendant, and personal doctor for the tour, plus the delicate instruments and vast library, they have torn out 12 seats and built special bulkheads to protect violins and violas.

The tour, which includes India, Hong Kong, Manila, and Colombo, will cover 30,000 miles in just over a month and a half.

In Australia, the orchestra will open at Perth (March 14-15) and will then appear at the Adelaide Arts Festival (March 17-22), Melbourne (March 23-28), Sydney (March 29-April 4), and Brisbane (April 5-6).

It will be the first time that a major British symphony orchestra has ever visited Australia or any of the Eastern countries where they will appear en route.

"For me it is very exciting to take a really representative

British orchestra to a country where I have so enjoyed conducting resident orchestras," said Sir Malcolm, whom I interviewed in the drawing-room of his vast flat in Albert Hall Mansions, overlooking Kensington Gardens.

"Don't think because I like the idea of taking the orchestra that I haven't enjoyed previous visits just as much.

"You see, I adore strangers. I always say if there were 50

By
BETTY BEST,
in London

people in a room and I knew 49 of them I would want to talk to the one I didn't know.

"It's the same with orchestras.

"I love tackling new ones. I am always rather proud of the fact that I got the Sydney and Melbourne symphonies to amalgamate in 1939. First time, I believe. Marvellous experience!"

When pleased with a reminiscence Sir Malcolm lives up to his nickname of "Sargent Malcolm" rather than



● Sir Malcolm Sargent shows intense concentration conducting the London Philharmonic.

"Flash Harry." (He is said to be one of Britain's best-dressed men.)

"Of course, I arrange all programmes with the organisers in cities where we play," said Sir Malcolm.

"I always say, 'I will not do any music I don't wish to. Nor will I do anything you don't wish me to.' Australia always likes the classics.

"I particularly like to do the works of those I call my contemporaries like Elgar, Delius, Vaughan Williams, and Walton, composers with whom I admit I have achieved a great part of my own success. This way we get a good balanced programme."

A quick glance through his Australian repertoire shows that all these composers are well represented together with Stravinsky, Strauss, and Sibelius, and not forgetting Brahms, Mozart, and Beethoven.

Sir Malcolm went on to say why he so loved coming back to Australia. "It's the enduring friendship to begin with," he said, looking warmly affectionate for the first time.

"When I was there last I hadn't been for about 15 years. Yet the people who came up to

greet me acted as if I'd only been away about a fortnight. That's a pretty rare feeling.

"Then, of course, I feel a great bond because I was there at the outbreak of war. With the help of Lady Gowrie I gave the very first wartime concert in aid of the Red Cross. Wild success! At the end I auctioned my baton and it sold for £180. Started quite a fashion, I believe."

One social engagement that the London Philharmonic will keep is a reception they plan to give for the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

"It's a very special 'thank you' party," said Sir Malcolm. "The Sydney Symphony sent the L.P.O. food parcels all through the war. It is something we shall never forget and we want to show our gratitude in person."

Sir Malcolm is particularly pleased that the London Philharmonic will be playing in the Adelaide Festival.

He told the Festival organisers in 1960 that he would love to conduct at the next one, but at this stage had no idea that fellow-conductor John Pritchard and the whole L.P.O. would also be asked.

The tour is being sponsored by the British Council and the Hong Kong Government.



● Two Australian members of the orchestra, David Brown (left), a cellist, and Eric Challinor (right), viola player, with Sir Malcolm Sargent.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

● 32 knitting patterns

Illustrated in color, a 24-page Woolworths Hand Knits book has patterns for the whole family.

The book is in lift-out form, so can be kept handy for all your autumn and winter knitting.

There are plenty of patterns to choose from for boys and men, as well as for all ages of girls and women.

● The Twist dress

Here's a gay, youthful dress, shown in color and styled for the latest dancing fashion.

It can be bought either ready made or cut out ready to sew. Or the pattern can be ordered.

● Paris fashions

The first of our autumn fashion features, showing best-selling styles (the ones women all over the world will wear) from the Paris dress collections.

● Home and family

A mother's story: Hazards of being a second wife (and a step-mother).

● Zoo babies—color pictures

Wonderful animal pictures in a three-page color feature—among them is a baby hippo, giraffe, zebra, lion cubs.

The children will want to cut these out. Fascinating information, which old and young will enjoy, is given about each animal.

WHEN FATHER TOOK OVER



● Tom Prior gets Alva (just on 3) and Beverley (2 next June) ready for the day.

● He organises breakfast for the family — twins Alva and Jeannie, and Beverley, Tommy, and Stevie—at their home in the Sydney beach suburb of Dee Why.

By TOM PRIOR,

Sydney "Daily Telegraph" reporter, who took his holidays last month to look after five children (all under six years) when his wife went to hospital for her sixth.

● When Alison left for hospital, the girls were asleep and Stevie was watching Rin Tin Tin. Tommy stood with me to wave the taxi out of sight.

I PUT a hand on his shoulder and said: "Cheer up, son; Mummy will be home soon and she'll bring us a wonderful surprise."

"I know," Son said matter-of-factly. "Mummy is having a baby, and that will be very nice — but who's going to look after the little children while she's in hospital?"

I gave him the good news. "I am," I said. Tommy's depression deepened. "Maybe we'd better ring Grandma Kenzie and Grandma Prior in Western Australia . . ."

Mrs. McKenzie, Alison's mother, came east for the

twins, Jeannie and Alva (Melbourne, 1959), and my mother did likewise for Stevie (Melbourne, 1958), and Beverley (Sydney, 1960). Tommy, the first-born, was a combined — families effort (Perth, 1956).

But this time Grandma McKenzie and Grandma Prior were staying put. This time I was on my own.

Remember the joke about the flustered lady stacking children aboard a bus? The conductor asked: "Lady, are all these yours, or is it a picnic?" And the lady replied: "They're all mine, and, believe me, it's no picnic!"

If you tell that joke round these parts, pardner, smile! It was no picnic.

Not that I'm blaming the



TOMMY (6 in April)

small fry. Working on a morning newspaper, 2 p.m. till 11 p.m. or midnight, I miss the testing times, bedtime and breakfast. Bedtime I'm usually chasing ambulances and at breakfast I'm asleep.

Days off and holidays aren't worthwhile combat training. The mob is being "specially" good—Alison sees to that. After all, Daddy is a novelty. And, to make matters worse, he thinks he's an expert in child training, cleaning, and feeding . . .

"Someone, somewhere, had been trying to teach someone a lesson"

The boys were saying their prayers when the doctor telephoned to say that Mary Grace Prior, 8lb. 13oz. and 24in., had arrived, and that both she and her mother were well.

Glowing like a beginner in the fatherhood business, I decided to wake the girls so they could share the magic moments. I remembered reading somewhere that children treasured such happy family occasions all their lives.

I'd bet against it in our case.

Alva was overjoyed at the idea of another "tittle gel" to play with and demanded to meet her there and then. Jeannie said that if there was any playing to be done she would do it. With Alva a pace or two behind, she dashed off to break the news to her mother.

The tearful chorus of "I want my Mummy" a few seconds later shocked Beverley into wakefulness and a dirty nappy.

The twins kept yelling and Tommy and Stevie came to

blows over Tommy's suggestion that "Nippy Ginger" was a more suitable name than "Prince" for Mary Grace.

Already I found myself thinking Alison had it easy in a nice quiet hospital.

Came the dawn — and I mean the DAWN — and it was on again.

At breakfast-time I remembered what Alison had said: "Just give them a plate of cereals and some fruit. Tommy makes the toast."

The instinct

What she hadn't told me was that Jeannie had the blue plate and Alva the yellow one and Tommy liked his cereals sugared before the milk was added, and Stevie liked his milk first, and if Beverley had too much milk she splashed it instead of eating it.

Mothers know many things by instinct which fathers have to learn the hard way. (Among the things this father will never learn: to place and tie hair ribbons correctly; to enjoy toast after it has been

examined and offered for inspection every ten seconds until it is ready.)

The first few days were rugged.

Even Stevie wouldn't eat my stews, and Tommy asked for a steak knife to cut his blanc-mange.

The clean clothing which was to last a week petered out after three days. In the first wash everything turned pink—from the twins' red pantsies.

Our beautiful twins looked and behaved like delinquent urchins and Beverley lost all her smiles and gurgles.

The weather was woeful, and when I wasn't drying, dressing, feeding, or frightening the children I was washing up. I counted 65 plates and saucers in one day's wash-ups.

Between times I piled dirty clothes in the laundry and made sandwiches and peeled apples and wiped noses and bandaged cuts and tied shoes. I told earnest young men and persistent old men that I didn't

To page 7

Metrecal

the pleasant new way to lose weight and avoid regaining it

Now in liquid form, ready to drink

Now it is easier and more convenient to control your weight with Metrecal. You simply open the can and pour a 225 calorie meal. Metrecal Liquid was developed to meet the same exacting nutritional standards as Metrecal Powder.

Metrecal was introduced in the United States more than two years ago and has since been successfully introduced to countries all over the world. Metrecal has been available in Australia since December, 1960. Its aim:

To provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of calorie intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing programme; and Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight control, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. On this complete programme, the average weight adjustment is satisfactory. To control weight more gradually and to maintain a desired weight, Metrecal may be used for only one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days of the week.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

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PROVEN BY EXPERIENCE — Metrecal has been used successfully by millions of people throughout the world to control weight.

QUALITY OF PRODUCT — The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to the most exacting pharmaceutical standards.

RANGE OF CHOICE — Metrecal is available nationally from your chemist in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavours.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons control weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they control weight safely; they quickly look better, feel better, without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. The diet is easy to follow, since little if any hunger is felt after the 'first day or so.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, and persons with medical disturbances should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight control programme. **Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.**



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1962

The most convenient way to control weight. Simply open, pour and drink, at home or at work.

Women fans terrify the wrestler baron



● Blue-eyed Baron von Heczey.



● Fiancee Rita and cheetah.

But a fiancée is different

● Only one thing terrifies bearded Baron Ladislaus von Heczey, Australian heavyweight wrestling champion. And that's women spectators.

"VERY vicious and bloodthirsty," said the softly spoken 17-stone Baron.

"Very irrational. If they don't like you, they attack you with umbrellas, pins, fists as you come from the ring."

The wrestler-baron — his title and birth are Hungarian — has returned to Sydney from a two-and-a-half year working trip overseas.

The viciousness of women, he found, varied from country to country.

Pakistan and India were his favorite countries for wrestling. There, women don't watch the contests.

They do in Japan and Singapore, and are so excitable they

are segregated from the men. "But the Spanish women — coo la la," said Baron von Heczey. "They are more easily roused even than the Italians."

However, the English

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

women spectators really shocked him.

"Many, many women there," he said, "and they're really after your blood."

And Australians?

The Baron's big blue eyes smiled. "I'm engaged to one, aren't I?" he said.

Baron von Heczey met his Sydney fiancée, Rita Stacey, in Colombo, where he was

wrestling and she was dancing in a nightclub.

Rita is the only daughter of Mrs. Richard Stacey, of Bankstown, and of the late Mr. Stacey, and will be the Baron's second wife.

Baron von Heczey, who became a naturalised Australian in 1949, won his national professional heavyweight wrestling championship in 1957.

Since then he has defended the title six times and expects to defend it again soon in Melbourne.

Formerly an amateur wrestler in the Hungarian national team, he turned professional during political trouble in Hungary.

Besides a fiancée, Baron von Heczey brought back from his trip a record of 97 per cent. wins from 130 wrestling con-

tests — and a 3in. scar on his forehead from a knock in a bout in Bombay.

"It didn't hurt," said the Baron. "Pain to a wrestler is just like ink on the hand of a writer."

Wrestling, he says, is not an easy way to earn a living.

The big money — £400 a week in Pakistan, where he sometimes drew 200,000 spectators for one contest — is hard-earned.

● Baron Ladislaus von Heczey (left) with King Kong, whom he partnered in Bombay.

There's the inevitable necessity of keeping fit, and this includes restraint in eating and drinking.

The Baron rarely has a square meal. Most of his food is vitamin pills.

One of his luxuries is cigar smoking. He usually smokes about six a day.

As a showman the Baron's

costumes entail a lot of planning and thought.

"You can't wear the same thing for the same people," he said. "I've got 15 embroidered jackets, which cost anything up to £150 each."

His beard — beards are very popular in England now, he found — must be trimmed for a performance, and his fingernails, by international wrestling regulations, kept clipped to the quick.

In England he had seven contests in one week because the sport, with 250 shows touring the country, is booming.

"Most of the big-time wrestlers in England," said Baron von Heczey, "drive their own Rolls-Royces."

"Two Australian wrestlers who have made good, Ray Hunter and Paul Lincoln, own smashing cars and a couple of coffee bars."

However, no other wrestler that the Baron knows has had a cheetah as a pet and wrestling opponent.

"I bought her in Nairobi," he said, "for £350. Usually, they are about £1000, for they are wonderful companions, good practice for wrestling, and tame as a dog."

The Baron was disappointed that he couldn't bring her back to Australia.

"Simi is her name, and she is still in Nairobi," he said. "William Holden, the actor, wants to buy her."

WHEN FATHER TOOK OVER

From page 5

need brooms or window-washers and couldn't afford encyclopedias or dramatic new underwear.

I banned TV, ice-cream, and visits to the neighbors until the children learned to stay in bed — their own beds — until 8 a.m. and to eat their meals and play together without arguments.

The twins cried, Stevie said he had a stomach-ache and shut himself in his room, and Tommy asked me when I was going back to work.

I remembered with horror the fellow who told his wife that if she worked at her job as intelligently and systematically as he did at his she'd have perfectly behaved children — and she wouldn't fall asleep in front of the TV at night.

That seemed the moment

of truth, the turning point. Maybe someone, somewhere, had been trying to teach someone a lesson. The weather improved and Alison's good friend, who minded the children while I visited the hospital, just happened to catch up on the laundry.

The first change I made (no more painful than losing a leg) was to get out of bed a couple of hours earlier in the morning. If it was warm enough, I'd put the mob into their bathers, give them a glass of milk each, and stumble down to the beach.

If it wasn't swimming weather, I'd assemble the squad in their pyjamas near the radiogram and put on a long-playing fairytale record. I'd give Tommy a cup of raisins or sultanas with instructions to dole out three apiece at the end of each fairytale.

I'd go back to bed for an hour or more, getting up every 15 minutes to flip the record and replenish the cup.

The record system failed only once and that wasn't the system's fault. I didn't have any raisins or sultanas, so I gave Tommy a bag of prunes — with disastrous results that afternoon and evening.

The helpers

Breakfasts after the raisins would be smaller than after the swims, but there'd be no more eating in either case under any circumstance.

The girls would help with the drying (spoons, plastic cups and saucers) and sweeping and the boys would pick up papers and dead leaves in the yard. If it was fine I'd supervise races, somersaults, and standing-on-head competitions from the window. If it

was wet there'd be drawing and painting and jigsaw puzzles inside.

Lunch was orange juice, mashed vegetables, and a chop, with cheese or grated carrot sandwiches to suit the appetite. Even this chef could manage that menu.

Tea was my favorite meal. Girls bathed, boys showered, all in pyjamas and smelling of soap and powder. Not-too-hard-boiled eggs and a plate of rice pudding.

When Alison came home, the girls, in shortie pyjamas, and the boys, in shorts, sun-tans, and razor-sharp haircuts, gave her an overwhelmingly affectionate welcome.

They couldn't see enough of Mary Grace. The girls were ecstatic and even the manly Tommy cooed.

I couldn't help feeling a



● Mrs. Prior (she was 12 days in hospital) and Mary Grace.

little neglected and soon-forgotten, and very much Number Eight in the family, the fellow who's away at all the times that count.

And then, late that night, when Alison went in to cover the girls, I heard Alva cry: "I want my Daddy."

No "picnic" maybe . . . But well worth it!

"MARBLES" IN THE RED HEART

● Four square miles of gigantic stone spheres, called the Devil's Marbles, form Australia's newest national park, close by the geographical centre of the continent.

THE Minister for Territories, whose department will administer the park, announced its dedication recently.

A scenic feature on the Stuart Highway 200 miles north of Alice Springs, the Devil's Marbles are admired by tourists in the brief halt granted while travelling to Darwin by motor-coach. But to appreciate their astonishing variety and see their colors to advantage it is necessary to go among them and wait for the mellowing tints imparted by the sunset.

The first white man to see the Devil's Marbles was undoubtedly the Scottish explorer John McDouall Stuart.

In an expedition in 1860 he discovered Central Mount Stuart, a few miles south of the Marbles, and declared it to be the centre of Australia.

Stuart suffered greatly in the district. He found it arid and stony, and on a later trip recorded: "My hands are a mass of sores and my mouth so bad I can eat only flour and water boiled."

In 1862, when he crossed the continent from south to north, Stuart was harassed through the Centre by natives.

No white man saw the Devil's Marbles again till January, 1871, when John Ross explored the whole area for the overland telegraph which followed Stuart's route.

As the telegraph line snaked across, Ralph and John Milner headed north along the route with 4300 sheep, 160 horses, and 150 goats in the first great overland drive through the Centre.

The Milners had cause to remember the Devil's Marbles. From eating poison plants there, 3000 sheep (many of them lambs born on the way) and 100 goats died among the boulders.

The natives continued to harass telegraph line-men in the Marbles area. They stole insulators to chip into spearheads.

Their hostility reached its peak at Barrow Creek, not far south of the Marbles, in 1874 when natives attacked the overland telegraph station and killed the superintendent and a linesman.

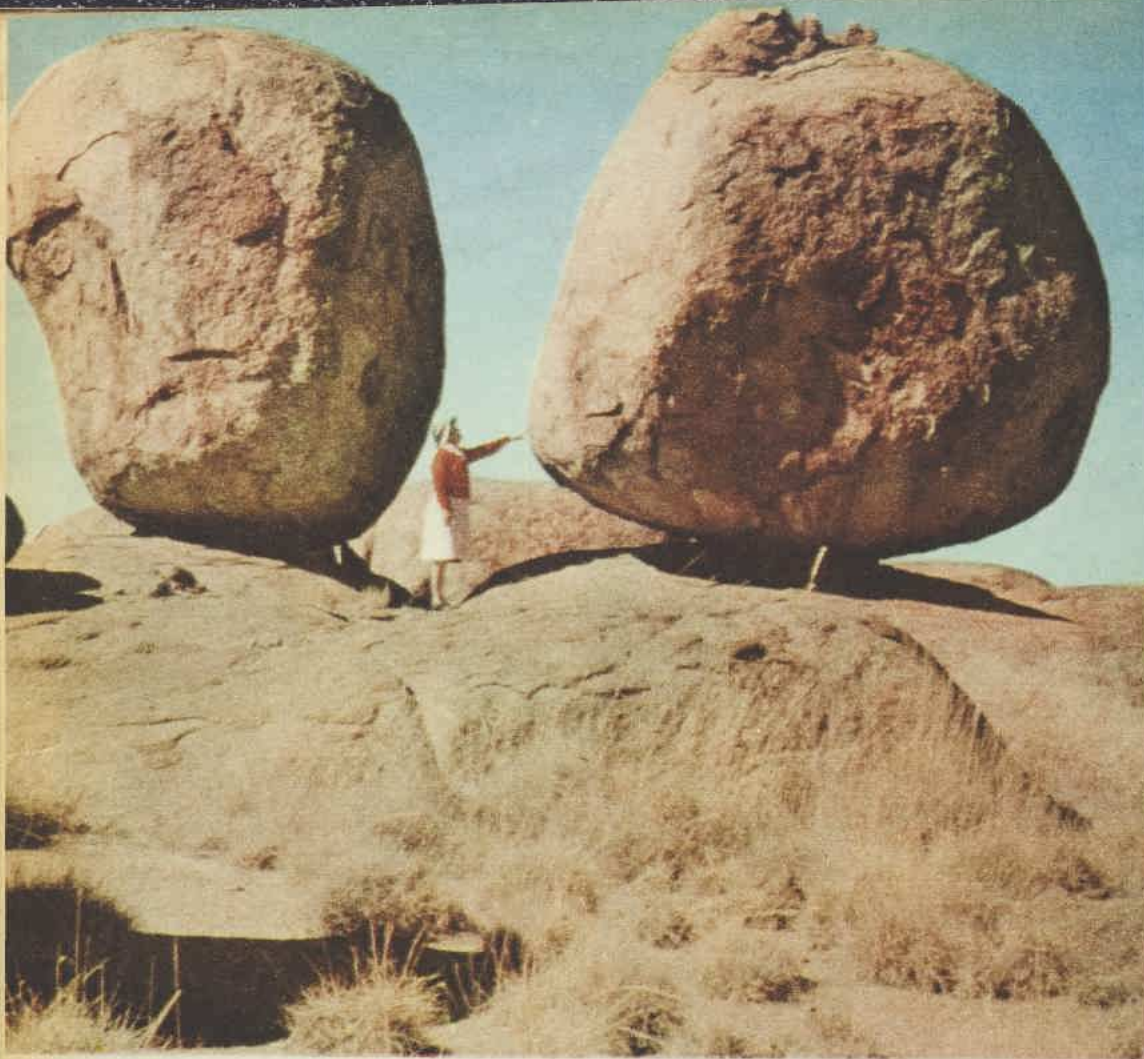
With the rest of the district, the Marbles saw bloodshed as vengeful parties ranged over hundreds of miles shooting some tribes almost to annihilation.

Now the Devil's Marbles are merely a stopping place for tourists.

Seven miles south at the Wauchope Hotel, a highway oasis, Mrs. Sawyer, the licensee, often has to answer travellers' questions about how they were formed.

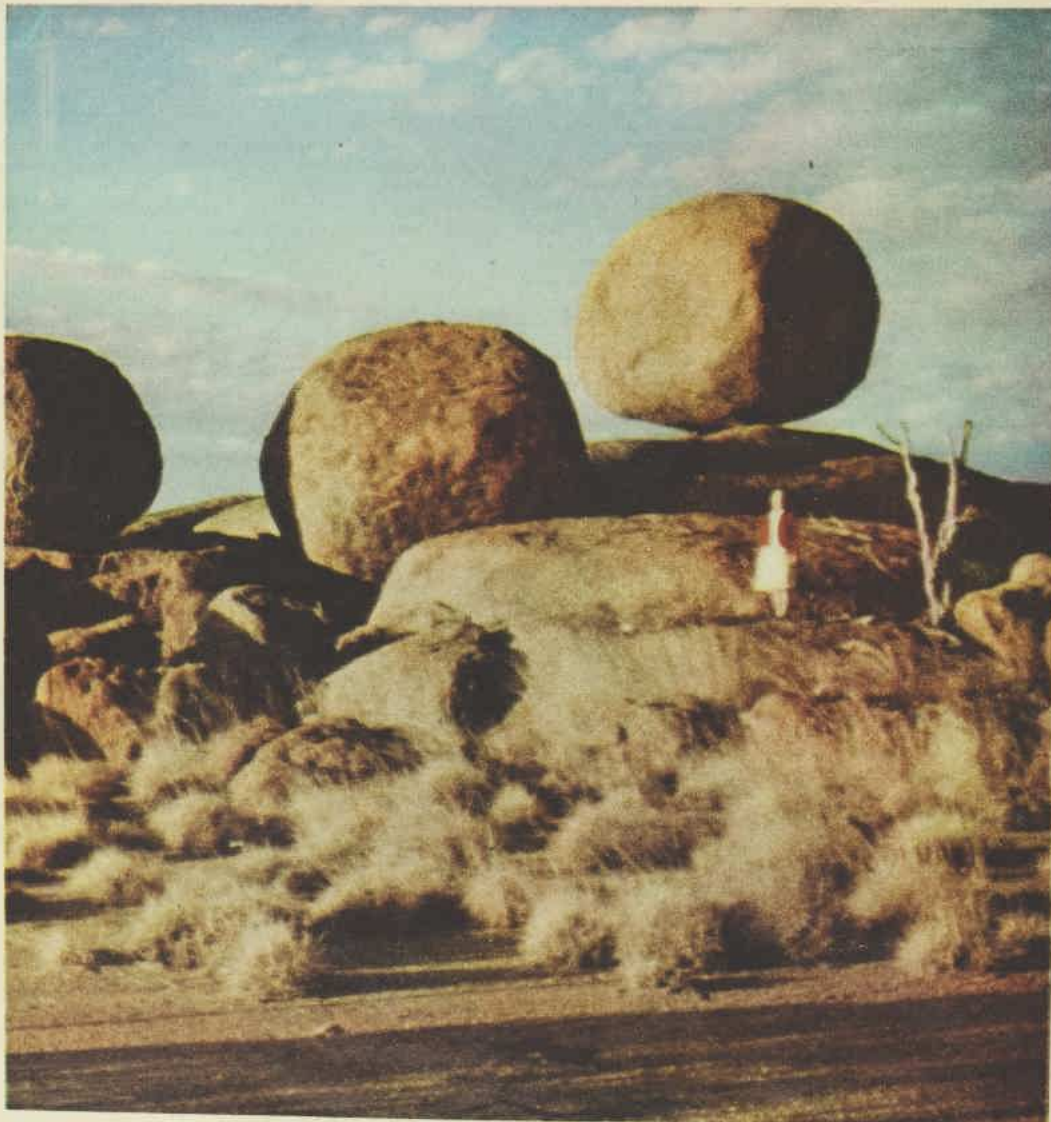
But Mrs. Sawyer's chief occupation is sweeping out the dust that spills across the country, fills her hotel, and forms a screen against the devil's giant playthings in the distance.

Pictures by Michael Sharland



PERCHED on a rock base, two enormous stones look temptingly situated, but ten men wouldn't push them over. The "marbles" lie as if strewn by a giant hand across this region of central Australia. Some geologists say the granite boulders were the remnants of a primeval range of hills. They became embedded in sandstone which formed under an inland sea. Later the sea disappeared, but a river hollowed out a valley in the sandstone, baring the boulders. Then the river, too, dried up.

GLOWING in the sun, the boulders are of an astonishingly consistent shape. In a land where tribes associate every permanent natural feature with some episode in the life of a dreamtime ancestor, they have naturally inspired many aboriginal legends.





SUNSET transmutes the Devil's Marbles from red to gold. Among the boulders are small natural enclosures where is to be found the world of the Centre in miniature—the clean stem of a dwarf ghost gum, the spinifex clumps, the termite mounds with their spired tips; all around the red earth, and above, before sunset, the intensely blue sky. Now that the region has been proclaimed a national park it will be illegal for any of the granite to be broken up for road metal or chipped to show a tourist's initials.



How women let their heads go

● If you looked askance at the new Florentine hair-style on our cover and thought "I'll never wear it," don't be too sure. Here are hairdos that all horrified women at first, but they soon went to their heads.



1930

The 1930s fuzz (as worn by one of the Andrews Sisters — remember?). This style was considered very feminine long beyond the 'thirties.



1940

What a shock it was when styles changed dramatically about 1940 and hair was scraped up at the back and piled on top of the head (as worn here by Irene Dunne). And when you and everyone else soon adored it and had it like this.



1944

You weren't going to let that scraped-up hair stream down like Joan Crawford's. You weren't? Before the war was over, many women did.



1950

From 1948 to 1950 the decision was whether to have all your curls cut off to this neat job—or to have your curls drawn to the back, with a straight fringe severely flat on your forehead. Remember when you said: "Heaven forbid it!"



1960

When you first saw puffball hairdos you thought, "Oh, no!" Your husband muttered "raving mad." But have you worn it? Oh, yes, you have!

1962

And now it's the Florentine hairstyle, by Helena Rubinstein. You think you won't wear it? If hairstyle history repeats itself you might.

Mary COLES' SOCIAL



JUST WED Mr. and Mrs. Michael Robinson, with "Sir Francis Levison" (Barry Creyton), the villain of "East Lynne," at reception at The Music Hall after their wedding.

SUCH a wonderfully off-beat celebration followed the quiet wedding of Michael Robinson and his bride, formerly Patricia Brittle, of Vaulcuse, which took place at Double Bay Presbyterian Church.

With Pat's mother, Mrs. George Brittle, and about a dozen friends they adjourned to the Victoriana period-piece restaurant-cum-theatre The Music Hall, Neutral Bay, to dine and witness the nightly performance of the 100-year-old tear-jerker "East Lynne," currently presented for laughs.

Sitting at a table adjacent to the intimate stage, Mike and Pat became a "part of the show" from the moment the play's master of ceremonies, Tom Farley, announced their marriage with a flow of old-time flowery eloquence.

Mine host George Miller and his wife serenaded the couple with romantic ballads, and from the stage the villain, "Sir Francis Levison" (Barry Creyton), ogled Pat with wicked looks and flirtatious asides.

Acid-tongued mischief-maker "Aunt Cornelia" (Betty Dyson) coyly directed skittish confidences to Michael, and 300 patrons clapped and sang "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" in honor of the bride and bridegroom.

Michael, who settled in Sydney just over twelve months ago from Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, England, and Pat are both enthusiastic about the gas-lit music-hall era.

Their first "date" together was going to a performance of "She Was Only An Orphan Girl" at the Genesian Theatre. So they decided it would be appropriate to have their wedding reception in a setting spiced with high melodrama against a background of velvet drapes, potted palms, mock marble, and shirt-sleeved waiters wearing fancy weskits.

COMMENTING on the Twist, Tim Allen points out that devotees also need to take up squash — to be fit enough to dance it!

A RECORD number of 42 horses have been nominated for the first picnics of the season — the Crookwell and District Amateur Picnic Race Club's meeting on Mr. and Mrs. Jim Carr's property "Funny Hill," Binda, on February 16. Later there'll be a dinner dance at the Crookwell Memorial Hall, where guests will be greeted by the president of the club, Mr. W. J. Bushell, and his wife. They'll have a house party of fourteen at their home, "Fullerton Station," Laggan, for the races. Visitors will include their daughter, Mrs. Christopher Barton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stuart Lucy and their son and daughter, Richard and Sue, Peter and Nancy Cathles, of "Cookmandoo," Wee Jasper, Ian Falkiner, who is coming from "Irish Lords," Trida, and Geoff Wein-garth, of Wagga.

AS he is noted for his punctuality, it was ironical that Mr. R. B. Ritchie didn't get his pretty daughter Robin to the church exactly on time for her wedding to Michael Scott, of "Burroway," Narromine. The hire car taking Mr. Ritchie and Robin from their home at St. Ives to St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, had a blow-out on the Harbor Bridge in peak-period traffic! I hear the main concern of Robin's mother and bridesmaids Elizabeth Cavanough, Elizabeth Johnstone, and Sonia Costello, who were travelling in front of the bridal car, was that self-reliant, mechanically minded Robin would insist on lending a hand to change the wheel in her bridal finery.

DIARY DATES. February 18, Sunday evening dinner dance and fur parade at Chequers. It's to help raise £30,000 for the Windgap School for Sub-normal Children at Eastlakes.

February 23, buffet dinner dance aboard the liner Sydney, arranged by the Mater Misericordiae Hospital Ladies' Committee.

February 27, luncheon and parade of ritzy fashions from Melbourne Town in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Watson's lovely home in Wentworth Avenue, Vaulcuse, as a fund-raiser for the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society.

AFTER sitting for her finals in physiotherapy on March 9, Elizabeth Pixley will fly off to Suva the same day to join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Pixley, making a round trip to the United States aboard the Oriana. Elizabeth's elder sister, Helen, is still in London—and loving it. She is doing a job in a sharebroking office and sharing a flat in Kensington with Susanah Campbell, Susie Blomfield, and Sara Simpson.

DR. and Mrs. D. W. H. Arnott's daughters Dawn and Denise have both chosen St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for their marriages, followed by receptions at the Wentworth Hotel. Dawn is being married to David Richardson on March 6, and Denise and Richard Jago, of "Haddon Rig," Warren, will wed after the sheep sales on June 14. Denise will have a "practice walk" up the aisle at St. Mark's as a bridesmaid to Dawn, who will also be attended by Mrs. Hans Lamens, Suzanne Coghlan, and Angela Ewart, of Dunedin, New Zealand. Best man to David, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Richardson, of Bathurst, will be Geoffrey Newman. Dr. John Farrar, Robert Albert, and Dr. Graham Yule will be groomsmen.

ROUNDAABOUT



RECENTLY ENGAGED. Miss Margot Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Walker, of Killara, and Mr. Russell Lander. Mr. Lander is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Lander, of Killara.

PICTURED at right, the Ambassador for Greece, Mr. P. Annino-Cavallierato, and his wife chatting with Archbishop Ezekiel, of the Greek Orthodox Church, and the Acting Consul-General for Greece, Mr. Anthony Protonotarius, and Mrs. Protonotarius (couple on the right), who gave a reception at their home at Vaucluse in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Annino-Cavallierato.



FORMER United States Secretary of State Mr. Dean Acheson and his wife chatting with the president of the Australian-American Association, Mr. Keith Yorston (at left), at a luncheon given by the association for Mr. and Mrs. Acheson at the Trocadero. More than seven hundred guests attended.



AFTER their wedding at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, Mr. Robert Tracy, of Gordon, and his bride, formerly Miss Jill Ryan, of "Ellamatta," Coolac, arriving at reception at The Alexis given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Ryan.

RIGHT. Mr. Denis Magoffin and his bride, formerly Miss Barbara Brown, of "Springfield," Boorowa, leaving St. Paul's University College Chapel with their attendants. From left, Mr. Don Cameron, Miss Jennifer Brown, Mr. Peter Watt, Miss Prudence Ryrie, Mr. James Halliday, and Miss Josephine Cullis-Hill.



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FATHER



MOTHER



"But you never told me I wasn't allowed to draw pictures with tooth-paste!"

It seems to me

By



I WONDER whether the Indian astrologers and others who predicted the end of the world last week are feeling disappointed?

Their position, whichever way you look at it, is unenviable. You should think twice before going into the doom-prophecy business.

When the world doesn't end you are made to look a fool.

And suppose it did end? You are robbed of the only satisfaction that can belong to a doom-prophet—saying "I told you so."

QUOTE of the month from Miss Juliet Prowse, discussing her engagement to Frank Sinatra: "He is the only man I love who has proposed to me."

Yes, that always does narrow the field down.

CAPTAIN "Turk" Westerling, East Indies Army captain who led an unsuccessful rebellion in Indonesia some years ago, has won a Dutch scholarship to help him train as an operatic tenor.

Reporting this, a news agency recalls that his opera debut at The Hague in 1958 was cancelled because "rumors that shots would be fired during the performance had affected ticket sales."

Touchy lot, theatre audiences.

SOME of the British criticism being levelled at members of the Royal family may be justified, but a recent complaint on the cost of Prince Charles' school fees goes a bit far.

A writer in an English newspaper pointed out that the fees at Gordonstoun, £600 a year, were more than the year's wages of a farm laborer.

This is true, but thousands of British school-boys are having similar sums spent on them. It is also true that in a democratic society there are many women who spend on one dress the money that would keep a basic-wage family in food for a week or a month.

You could go on citing such inequalities until your listeners fell asleep. They are an inescapable aspect of life in most of the Western world.

You may approve of the system or you may not. Under democracy you are entitled to criticise it.

But it is unrealistic, and rather petty, to make Prince Charles the focus of the argument.

FROM time to time, there emerges a citizen prepared to fight a one-man revolution.

Two recent cases:

- The Hamburg (Germany) electrician who, having been failed for the third time in his driving test, chased his driving instructor around the City Transport Office, stabbing him twice.

- The English civil servant, Mr. Harry Grenville, who, being asked eight shillings for a pot of tea and two slices of apple pie, paid five shillings. (The cafe owner sued for the extra three shillings, the judge ruled 5/6 a fair price, and Mr. G. paid the extra sixpence.)

At first sight these cases appear to have nothing in common. The link is that both characters did things many have wished to do.

The first blamed someone else for his failure (and who doesn't?). There isn't much more to say about him. It will not really do to go round stabbing driving instructors.

The overcharged pie-eater is in another category. I would not like to have been the companion. (Two pieces of pie suggest a girl-friend or wife.)

Yet everyone, at some time or other, is niggled by irritation at being overcharged. Most, rather than appear mean, give in.

But we are grateful, just the same, to the bold fellow who takes a stand.

SPEAKING in a House of Lords debate on a Bill to restrict the use of cruel poisons against pests, Lord Dowding, former Battle of Britain air chief, said that he had cleared his house of mice by telling them to go. Agreeing with this theory of vermin control, Lady Dowding later told reporters that even the silverfish moved on after she had spoken to them quietly.

A callous sort,
I never thought
Of being kind to vermin,
And if I felt
A twinge 'twould melt
If owning mink or ermine.
My woollen tweeds
And winter needs
Are suitably protected
With lethal stuff
(Perhaps it's rough)
And frequently inspected.
Suppose, instead,
To moths, one said,
"Please go," with gentle shooing.
They'd say (Slup, slup)
"Oh, DO shut up,"
And calmly go on chewing.

Andrew's second birthday

● Prince Andrew, the Queen's third child, is two years old on February 19. As the Royal family prepares to celebrate his birthday, rumors that the Queen is expecting a fourth child have been circulating in London.



A PRE-BIRTHDAY picture of Prince Andrew, pictured with the Queen on their return to London after a holiday at Sandringham. The rumors about the Queen were strengthened by the fact that she has said she would like a playmate for Andrew.



THE QUEEN and her three children, Prince Charles, Princess Anne, and young Prince Andrew before leaving for Sandringham. The Queen completed ten years as monarch two weeks before Andrew's birthday.



ANDREW, with his mother and Charles, at the train window before leaving for Sandringham. Last year the Queen and Prince Philip missed Andrew's first birthday party because they were touring India. This year Prince Philip will be in South America.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1962

● One of the wonderful things about Australian TV is the golden chance it has given to many young Australians. It often brings fame and money, but viewers sometimes overlook the hard work and stress behind the picture on their TV screens.

THE GOLDEN CHANCE OF BERT NEWTON

THE man spotlighted this week in the relentless, steady glare of the TV camera is Victoria's Bert Newton, compering the new variety show, "The Channel 9 Show," which, naturally, emanates from Channel 9.

Newton's chance sounds golden with a capital G. At 23 he is a TV entertainer and performer of wide experience. He not only comperes but produces the new show. He also sings.

But when you look again at Newton's present golden chance, it's a tough one — lined with hard work and strain.

Graham out

The Channel 9 show is a renovated edition of the Graham Kennedy national show that failed to please viewers to the extent the channel hoped.

Kennedy, the original golden boy of Australian TV, is deposed, gone from the national TV scene.

Newton, who takes his place, has worked with Kennedy in TV for years, is his close friend and still works with him daily on radio.

Early in his career on Channel 7 Bert was in direct opposition to Kennedy as comper. Later GTV in another golden chance — this one lined with financial benefits — bought the services of Newton and teamed him with Kennedy in variety.

Newton appeared from then on as a side-kick to Kennedy. They appeared together in many duo acts and in some good and occasionally brilliant commercials.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

And Newton took over Kennedy's show when last year Kennedy took off on a commercially sponsored round-the-world trip.

Newton was successful — so successful that some viewers, particularly in Sydney and Brisbane, howled when, on Kennedy's return, Newton was taken off as comper.

Kennedy's disappearance from the national scene was a sensation in TV circles.

As a national figure he was popular in southern Australia, unpopular in Sydney and Brisbane.

He is still popular in the south, vociferously popular in Victoria, where at present he

is seen nightly starring in "In Melbourne Tonight."

No one who has seen Kennedy will doubt his talent as an entertainer, but his continuing and tremendous popularity in the south, in the face of gross over-exposure to the TV camera, has always puzzled TV circles in Sydney.

Channel 9 attributed the unpopularity of the Graham Kennedy show in Sydney to "lack of sophistication, and the fact that Kennedy had the kind of personality you either liked or disliked."

I don't know the extent of Mr. Newton's sophistication, but I do know that he is one of the most entertaining and nicest young men you could meet in a day's march and that he has a delightful sense of humor.

Added to this is a wide smile and a pleasant singing voice.

Except for the smile and the voice, not a great deal of the Newton personality showed in the first "Channel 9 Show," with Newton on his own.

He was undoubtedly strained and nervous, but, even so, signs of his likeable manner came through.

The show itself is formal without the ad lib capers of the Kennedy show. It accents singing and dancing, with

comedy confined to a voices-in-the-street piece and an imported American comedian, Mel Young, who, unlike many such I have watched, made me laugh.

The first show was undistinguished by anything but its painlessness. It was a bland hour that you could take or leave alone.

But I don't think you can really ever judge any show until its third or fourth edition.

Everyone tries too hard, gets too hot up, the got-to-be-good feeling urges them on to unrelaxed heights.

Bert's charm

Mr. Newton, producing and performing, came through better than anyone else. I think he has the kind of charm that Sydney likes.

One viewer said to me that when he smiled at you from the TV screen you wanted to smile back. It's a remark that augurs well for Newton in Sydney. To be honest, I think he has a personality that fits the Sydney scene better than Kennedy's.

He's 6ft. tall, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered, with what he calls "dun"-colored hair, which he has cut conservatively and does in an old-fashioned side parting.



BERT NEWTON, 23, Melbourne TV star, who is now compering and producing "The Channel 9 Show," which replaces the defunct "Graham Kennedy Show," and can be seen every Saturday at 9.30 p.m. from Channel 9.

He lives at home at Fitzroy with his mother, his sister Alice, and a brother. He is romancing ardently and constantly with Melbourne girl Joy Fountain and makes no secret of the fact that one day he hopes to marry her.

Bert is short for Albert. The other Newton boys are

called Tom, John, and Bob. Like many other people, Bert sometimes yearns to change from his good, plain name. He confesses he'd love to have been christened with one of the fashionable TV names like Rock or Grant.

Maybe, but plain Bert Newton sounds good to me.

FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★ JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY

Filmed at a Newport jazz festival, this novel tribute to jazz has limited appeal. Enthusiasts and students of the "way out" beat are well catered for in the line-up of cool talent. But Dixie-lovers must be satisfied with too few swinging favorites from Louis Armstrong. Mahalia Jackson winds up the programme with three stirring spirituals. In the theatre, cameramen get unusual, lingering studies of audience reaction. — Savoy, Sydney.

In a word . . . COOL.

★ BACHELOR IN PARADISE

Bob Hope is given a subtle script in this satire of life in an American housing settlement, self-contained with a supermarket, church, pool, and school. Community living, as dictated by the scheme's Big Brother designer, provides novelist Hope with material for a book, the plot with immense possibilities, and the viewer with subdued chuckles. A bachelor newcomer, Hope

is spied on by a gossipy neighbor, visited by bored wives, threatened by jealous husbands, and dazzled by the district's one bachelor-girl, Lana Turner. An impassive foil for his wry antics, Lana's acting crumbles to spongy melodrama in the courtroom finale. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . TICKLISH.

★ ★ ★

PROBABLY the most ambitious film project of the year is that currently taking shape in Madrid under the watchful eye of producer Samuel Bronston. The veteran big-scale moviemaker, responsible for "King Of Kings" and "El Cid," is launching "Fifty-five Days In Peking." The film is a re-creation of the Boxer Rebellion in China at the turn of the century, when 50,000 fanatical Chinese stormed the international settlement next to Peking's Imperial City. They were unable to wipe out the small defending band, which held out for 55 days. Charlton Heston will probably star as the American Marine major in charge of the U.S. Embassy guards.



Diana Ward

Tanya bows out to Diana

● Tanya Halesworth has bowed out of A.B.C.-TV, Channel-7-bound, leaving thousands of viewers regretful.



Eunice Bevedge

QUITE unknowingly, popular Tanya has added some phrases to Sydney's TV jargon.

The first of them is "doing a Tanya," which means leaving the station that made you for greater opportunities; the second is "a Tanya," which means a female, young, good-to-look-at, poised, and with the charm and manner that pulls viewers willy-nilly to the TV screen to watch her.

Last week I met Diana Ward, 25, whom the A.B.C. has imported from Perth to take over from Tanya for five weeks.

Two hours off the plane, Diana faced the Press. She looked wonderful, tiny and poised in a beautifully cut white suit and a red sailor hat worn well back on her fair hair.

She is pleased to come to Sydney, delighted at the chance

of working here, but doesn't like being hailed as Sydney's new Tanya.

She wants to be like herself, not like Tanya.

In Perth she's "a Tanya" on TV. I haven't seen her yet on screen, but off screen she's got everything.

Channel 9 believe they've found a girl who's "a Tanya" in Eunice Bevedge.

They've even taken the stately A.B.C. description of Tanya's job — presentation officer — and dubbed her with it. Eunice is 30, a sparkling brunette with lovely teeth, lovely smile, dimples, a husband, and three little daughters, Jennifer Debbie, and Lynn.

Watch for her presenting Channel 9's daytime programme and check up on the experts' opinions.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMME

Elvis the gambler

● Teenage idol Elvis Presley has found a new pastime — gambling.



OVER Christmas Elvis and his entourage flew to the wide-open gambling city of Las Vegas to take in the nightclub shows.

TEENAGE jans mob Elvis Presley during a recent visit to Los Angeles.

He spent most of his time at the gaming tables playing the card game 21 and lost heavily.

For two consecutive nights Elvis didn't leave the tables until 7 a.m.

JACK DEMPSEY, former world heavyweight champion and now owner of a famous New York restaurant, has been added to the cast of "Requiem For a Heavyweight," now

before the cameras with Anthony Quinn in the starring role. Dempsey, like Joe Louis, another world champ, is playing himself in the film.

GARY CROSBY has asked for and received release from his 20th Century-Fox film contract. The singer, who recently formed his own movie company with his manager, Nick Savano, says he is now looking for scripts to film himself. Crosby will also continue to play the nightclub circuit.

ODOARDO SPADARO, known as the Maurice Chevalier of Italy, will begin a new career at the age of 81. The comedian with more than 100 popular songs to his credit has turned film actor for "Hemingway's Young Man," now being filmed in Verona.

DINO DE LAURENTIIS has signed American jazz trumpeter Chet Baker to play himself in "The Life of Chet Baker." The musician was convicted on a narcotics charge some time ago and is still serving his sentence in an American prison. On his release Baker will go to Rome to film the picture.

SEAN CONNERY is all that one would expect a secret service agent to be—tall, suavely handsome, and with a tough jawline, he looks exactly like Ian Fleming's "James Bond." This likeness is, of course, very pleasing to producers Irving Allen and Harry Saltzman. They are to star Connery in a series of James Bond films, beginning shortly with "Dr. No." The £1,000,000 production starts next month on location in Bermuda.

RITA HAYWORTH and her estranged husband, Jim Hill, are now living in the same apartment building in Hollywood. However, Rita says it's just a coincidence. And those in the know claim the actress' romance with Gary Merrill is far from over.

COMEDIAN Gary Morton's nightclub appearance fee has skyrocketed since his marriage to the titian actress Lucille Ball. But if nightclub owners think Lucy plans to sit in the audience every night—a la Liz Taylor—they're sadly mistaken. Lucy has made it quite clear that she will not be a nightclub wife.

GREGORY PECK and his wife Veronique spent most of their recent vacation in New York rummaging through some of the more run-down antique shops. Both are antique fanatics and say they've found some very valuable items in the most unlikely places.

DOROTHY PROVINE is being very secretive about naming the gent who gave her an emerald ring surrounded by diamonds and a full-length silver-grey mink. When asked if he was Frank Sinatra, she just smiles sweetly. If the gifts were from Frank they were farewell compensations.

BEFORE entering the plush new offices of Tony Curtis' movie company, all callers are required to remove their shoes. Tony has a supply of sandals in all sizes for visitors. It's not that Tony has gone oriental, it's just that he's being practical about his lush white carpeting.

CHARLES BOYER'S 18-year-old son, Michael, spent his Christmas vacation as a mailboy in one of the film studios. But Mike has no intention of following in his famous dad's footsteps. He wants to become a director.

SCIENCE
LATEST!

Blue Clinic shampoo washes hair too clean for dandruff



Clinic's unique formula combines scalp cleanser, hair conditioner and entirely new anti-dandruff ingredient.

It's the perfect shampoo — the result of years of scientific research in Europe. Clinic has an entirely new anti-dandruff ingredient never used in a shampoo before! It's called Tri-chlorocarbanilide. It goes on resisting dandruff between shampoos. Clinic's scalp cleanser cleans and refreshes your scalp. Its exclusive hair conditioner keeps

hair shining with health, so easy to brush and comb. So exhilarating. Clinic-clean your hair this week. Your scalp will feel gloriously clean, delightfully refreshed. Shampoo with new Blue Clinic every week . . . you'll never see a speck of dandruff again! Your hair will lead a shining new life. Bottles 4/6 and 6/9. Bubble 1/4.



CLINIC IS ANOTHER FINE ALEXONA PRODUCT

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1962

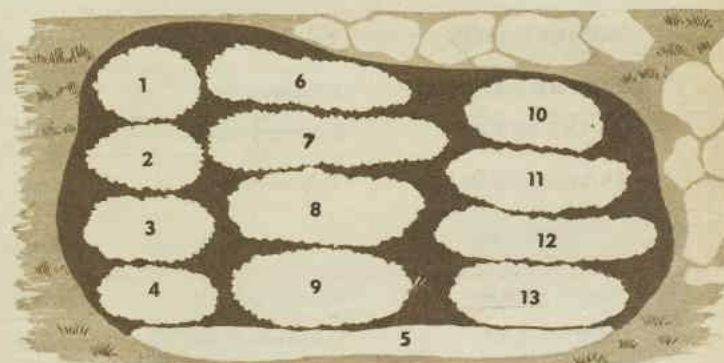


PLANNED for charming and natural effect are clumps of tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, narcissi, freesias, and jonquils. Picture by Mrs. B. Mander Jones, Greenwich, N.S.W.

BULBS:

How to plan a dream garden for the spring

● By choosing your bulbs carefully and staggering planting times you can have a spring-flower display of beautifully blended colors and varieties that will last for many weeks. Below is a suggested planting plan for a lovely, natural-looking bed, 15ft. x 6ft., with a key to clumps of bulbs, how many to plant, and order of planting (leave two weeks between plantings). If planning a larger bed, increase the number of bulbs, colors, and varieties accordingly.



1. Daffodils, Fortune: 1 doz. bulbs — first planting.
2. Hyacinths, blue, General Kohler: 18 bulbs, first planting.
3. Hyacinths, pale pink, Chestnut Blossom: 18 bulbs, first planting.
4. Anemones, St. Brigid, varied colors: 50 tubers, second planting.
5. Freesias, Sunset-mixed: 200-300 bulbs, third planting.
6. Spanish Irises, deep blue Darling: 50 bulbs, first planting.
7. Spanish Irises, deep gold King of the Yellows: 50 bulbs, first planting.
8. Lachenalias, Aurea, Quadricolor, and Viridis: 50 of each, second planting.
9. Babiana: 50 bulbs including Aurea (dark purple), Splendens (deep red), and Alba (white), first planting.
10. Daffodils, King Alfred (yellow trumpet): 18 bulbs, first planting.
11. Dutch Irises, purplish-blue Celestial: 18 bulbs, first planting.
12. Tulips, dark plum Sultan: 24 bulbs, first planting.
13. Poeticus Daffodils, white, crown-edged red Recurvus: 50 bulbs, first planting.

TULIPS along fence at Mr. Alf Stubbs' garden, Bowral, N.S.W. He is head gardener at Bowral Municipal Gardens.

BULB-PLANTING GUIDE OVERLEAF

GUIDE TO PLANTING BULBS

● Bulbs make a beautiful spring display if sown in clumps, as shown in the planting diagram on page 17.

MASSING together bulbs of varying heights also makes an interesting and natural effect. The diagram suggests putting low-growing lachenalias in the middle of the bed, surrounded by the higher-growing tulips, irises, and hyacinths; then the lower-growing freesias are massed along the front.

Anemones also look attractive planted along the edges of borders, in double, even treble, rows planted 3 to 4in. apart.

The planting period for the early spring bulbs extends from early February to the second or third week in April.

If planting times are staggered, i.e. one lot planted at the beginning of the period, another lot a fortnight later, then further clumps fortnightly until the end of planting time, the spring bulb pageant can be lengthened from a week or two to a month or two.

Name	Planting time	Depth	Distance	Height of growth	Cultivation
ACIDANTHERA	August-December	3-4in.	6-9in.	18in.-2ft.	Open, sunny position
AMARYLLIS	October-March	6-7in.	12in.	Up to 3ft.	Open, sunny place in good soil
ANEMONES	February-April	1-1½in.	6in.	12in.	Well-drained, loamy soil
BABIANAS	February-April	3in.	6in.	8-18in. (according to variety)	Open, sunny position
BRODIAEA	January-April	2-3in.	3-4in.	1-2ft. (according to variety)	Open, sunny position
CALOCHORTUS (<i>Mariposa Tulip</i>)	February-April	3-4in.	6-9in.	1-3ft. (according to variety)	Well-drained, sunny position
CHIONODOXA	February-May	2in.	2-3in.	6in.	Well-drained, shaded position.
CHLIDANTHUS (<i>Sea Daffodil</i>)	April-July	Just below surface	6-9in.	12-18in.	Well-manured soil, open position
COLCHICUM (<i>Autumn Crocus</i>)	February-May	Just below surface	4-6in.	6in.	Well-drained, open position
CROCUS	February-April	3in.	8in.	12in.	Open, sunny position
DAFFODILS (and other narcissi, jonquils, etc.)	February-April	4-6in.	4-6in.	8in.-2ft. (according to variety)	Sunny, well-drained position, with bonedust added before planting
FREESIAS	February-April	2in.	6in.	10in.	Well-drained, loamy soil
GRAPE HYACINTHS	February-April	1in.	4in.	6in.	Well-drained, loamy soil
HYACINTHS	February-April	5-6in.	5-7in.	12in.	Need gritty soil
HYMENOCALLIS (<i>Ismene</i>)	May-September	Just below surface	12in.	18-24in.	Open, sunny position
IRIS (<i>English, Dutch, Spanish</i>)	February-May	4in.	8in.	To 2ft.	Open, sunny position
IXIAS	February-April	2in.	4-6in.	To 2ft.	Open, sunny position
LACHENALIAS	February-April	2in.	6in.	9-18in.	Well-drained, loamy soil
MONTBRETIAS	April-May	4in.	12in.	2ft.	Open, sunny position
NERINE (<i>Spider Lily</i>)	February-April	Tip of bulb at soil surface	6in.	9-18in. (according to variety)	Open, sunny position
NOMOCHARIS	February-May	4in.	12in.	2-3ft.	Well-drained, semi-shady position
ORNITHOGALUMS	February-June	3in.	6-8in.	12-18in.	Open, sunny position
RANUNCULI	February-April	2in.	6-8in.	8-12in.	Open, sunny position
SANDERSONIA	February-May	4in.	8in.	12-18in.	Sunny, sheltered position or glasshouse
SCILLAS (<i>Bluebells</i>)	February-April	3in.	6in.	18-24in.	Well-drained, rich soil in semi-shade
SNOWFLAKES	February-April	4-6in.	6in.	12in.	Rich, moist soil in shade
SPARAXIS	February-April	4-6in.	6in.	6-8in.	Open, sunny position
SPREKELIA (<i>Jacobean Lily</i>)	April-July	4in.	6in.	12-15in.	Well-drained, loose soil
STERNBERGIA (<i>Yellow Autumn Crocus</i>)	February-March	3in.	18in.	6in.	Well-drained, dry position. Thrive under deciduous trees
TRITONIA	February-May	2in.	4-6in.	12in.	Open, sunny position
TULIPS	February-April	6-7in.	6in.	12-18in.	Rich, limed soil
WATSONIAS	February-April	3in.	10in.	4-6ft.	Open, sunny position
ZEPHYRANTHES	March-July	3in.	12in.	4-12in.	Open, sunny position

The "little bulbs"

• The small bulbs, which add surprise color effects to your spring garden, are no more difficult to grow than their commoner cousins, the tulips and daffodils, but like them do best with good drainage, adequate water while growing, and relatively dry conditions in summer to give the bulbs a rest awhile.

THE last condition is most important. An ideal situation is in the shade of a small deciduous-flowering tree, as the developing of foliage in summer means that the ground will receive less water.

Bulbs with a desert origin, such as Zephyranthes, Lapeyrousia, Gladiolus tristus, and Narcissus bulbicodium, prefer a more exposed condition. Forest flowers like Brodiaeas and Muscari need a relatively cool and moist situation all year.

Such a variety of needs poses a special gardening problem. Probably the best idea is to build up a type of rockery with large pockets of terraces facing in different directions. Mountain plants can be grown on the top level, desert bulbs on the north side, forest bulbs with a southerly aspect.

As with planting all bulbs,



UNUSUAL green tonings distinguish this *Lachenalia viridis*. *Lachenalias* are popular for borders, but also look attractive growing among other bulbs, especially freesias.

the ground should be well dug and a good handful of bonedust placed beneath the planting position when the bulbs' roots can reach it later on.

GARDENING

The bulbs should be placed in position in clumps with a marker to show their position, and then the soil filled in and firmed down.

A good watering will help make the soil firm round them. Little further watering should be necessary until the leaves show above the surface.

Normal spring and winter rains will take care of the rest.

Plant small bulbs at a depth of from two to four inches. The majority will grow better with a surface mulch of fine gravel or grit, say, half an inch deep. This gravel will heat up in sunshine and help evaporate the moisture which would form damp conditions round the bulbs; it will also prevent soil spotting on the flowers and leaves after heavy rain or watering.

The bulbs may be left where they are planted to multiply naturally — at least for several years. A light sprinkling of bonedust in winter will take care of their annual food requirements.



AUTUMN CROCUS (*Colchicum*)—large flowers up to 6in. across. Plant 3in. deep in February in sheltered spot.



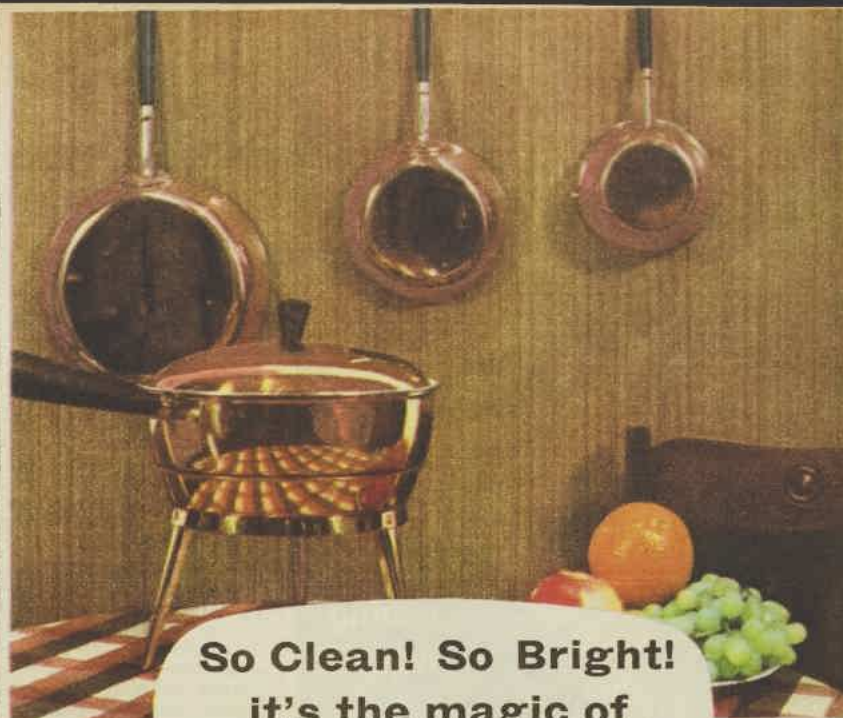
GLADIOLUS TRISTUS, a South African bulb with flowers of mauve and grey. Plant any time, 2in. deep.



ZEPHYRANTHES, or "West Wind Flowers." Usually white, but also pink or cream. Plant any time—close to surface.



NARCISSUS BULBICODIUM ("Hoop Petticoats"), from Spain, Portugal, North Africa. Pictures by Stirling Macoboy.



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Shy daughter-in-law

A NATURALLY reserved and shy person, I felt embarrassed at having to call my mother-in-law "Mum" when the time came, and now, after four years of marriage, I still haven't broken the barrier. She is like a real mother to me, is a devoted grandmother to the baby and couldn't be more loved. I know she must be hurt when I just don't call her anything or refer to her as "Mrs." So brides-to-be, take the initiative and call your mothers-in-law "Mum" from the beginning. £1/1/- to "Grateful Daughter-in-law" (name supplied), Pendle Hill, N.S.W.

The Queen Mother as a child

WHEN World War I was declared I was doing preliminary nursing training at a London hospital. We worked hard all day and every day, looking forward to Saturday afternoons when we were allowed visitors for tea. In our sleeping quarters the nurses' names were printed on the doors. My neighbor was Rose Bowes Lyons. I was fascinated by her relations and friends, particularly her 14-year-old sister with the lovely brown curls. Little did I realise that this girl would become Queen Elizabeth — the Queen Mum. Lady Rose has passed on.

£1/1/- to "On Duty" (name supplied), Dromana, Vic.

Bargain-rate baby

LAST week my cousin found a notice, pinned to his front gate, which read, "Wood anyone like to buy a baby girl." Realising it was the work of Master Seven, he took it inside to show his wife. They were even more amused when Miss Two-year-old appeared with "For Sale" written on her hands. £1/1/- to "Goldie" (name supplied), Napier, N.Z.

Long-service Christmas card

MY mother has a Christmas card, which she and a friend have been sending to each other every year for 21 years. The card has travelled over a good part of Australia — covering four States — during this time.

£1/1/- to "Daughter" (name supplied), Nedlands, W.A.

It just wasn't luvly

HAVING saved for weeks, I recently attended a performance of "My Fair Lady." Immediately the show began, the man in the seat next to me began his "show." He accompanied each artist with the songs and dialogue right through the performance. Apparently he'd seen it many times, for he was almost word perfect. What could have been a perfect night out was marred.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Whimp, Taringa East, Qld.

Dirt for dessert

HOW does one stop children eating dirt? As soon as they get outside, my two girls head for the dirt and start eating. People to whom I've spoken about it tell me something is lacking in their diet.

£1/1/- to L. J. Cook, Umina, N.S.W.

The starers

"SENSITIVE" (W.A.) should stop taking offence at the way people — particularly women — stare at and whisper about her as she walks past them on her crutches. Having arthritis in my knees, I use a walking-stick. People stare and whisper, but mostly in sympathy. One worried child, after watching me for a while, asked if I had been run over. I assured her I hadn't and we both had a good laugh.

£1/1/- to "Smiling Thro'" (name supplied), Kalamunda, W.A.

HAVE you ever noticed that it's always the hurt puppy, kitten, or bird that draws your attention? It seems to be the same with humans.

£1/1/- to "Unconscious Offender" (name supplied), Nunawading, Vic.

WITH a congenital dislocation of both hips, I know what it's like to be stared at. Yet only recently I discovered I'm also a starrer. I shall never forget, having watched a little girl in leg irons, the look her mother gave me. My interest in her daughter was just that — interest. Now I don't mind being stared at; I know starers are interested in me.

£1/1/- to "Another Starer" (name supplied), Brisbane.

A HANDICAPPED person myself, I'm also one of the starers. I find pride in persons overcoming such disabilities as they may be unfortunate enough to endure. The achievement of Douglas Bader, the legless pilot, must have inspired many. To see, one must look.

£1/1/- to "Encouraged" (name supplied), St. Marys, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

WHAT attractions do people look for in the places where they go for a holiday?

I have seen guest-house advertisements that said "shooting and afternoon tea," "dancing and hot water," and "near prawning." Caravan parks display the comforting sign "Ironing and septic," while motels boast of "Swimming and TV lounge."

Clearly, holiday-makers have varied requirements. Some want to look at scenery, others want to look at girls. Still others prefer to look at prawns.

From my own point of view none of these things has primary importance. The first question I ask about a holiday resort is simply: Do they collect the garbage?

Most of my holidays are of the family kind, in rented cottages at the seaside. The garbage-disposal problem has haunted me wherever we went. It is often at its worst in the most idyllic beauty spots.

Sunburn Beach is an example. The first morning we were there I said naively to the storekeeper: "What day does the garbage man come?" He laughed at my innocence and replied: "He doesn't come at all."

The local custom, he told me, was to take the garbage into the

HOLIDAY TIP

scrub and bury it. Except for some nasty people who took it into the scrub and didn't bury it.

When we had made a suitable quantity of garbage I set out to give it a decent burial.

The ground was hard and the weather was hot. As I struggled to dig a hole, flies buzzed around me.

How much nicer it was at home,



I thought, where the council men Aub and Nev took the garbage away in a truck — even if they did bash the tin out of shape.

We spent our next holidays at Seaweed Cove. The man who owned the cottage told us to burn the garbage in a fireplace at the end of the backyard.

This sounded a better idea than

burying it. But it turned out to be a tedious job, because garbage is not very inflammable. I used to stand and gaze dully at a smouldering heap of apple peelings and egg shells.

This year at Flathead Bay, I am glad to say, we fared better. The garbage there is collected twice a week — and just as well, because there are a good many fish-heads in it.

My only complaint was that the tin provided for us was on the small side. I had to jump on the contents to squeeze the last bundles in.

In the clean-up before we left there were a lot of bottles and fish-bones and things that wouldn't go into the tin at all. I took them to a rubbish tip a mile away.

A notice on the tip said: "Please co-operate by dumping garbage well inside, away from access road." Being a co-operative person, I took my stuff into the heart of the tip. I can't say it was very enjoyable.

But otherwise our holiday was a success, thanks to the garbage service.

A resort with this attraction should tell people about it. There would be a special pull in ads like: "Dancing, prawning, and garbage collection — king-size tins."

BLUEPRINT FOR LIVING

A short story by VALERIE WATKINSON

His name was James Furness Darrow. His height was adequate, his prospects the same. His eyes were hazel, his nose aquiline. His profession was that of consulting psychologist to industry. For relaxation he read books on psychology.

It was a pity, thought Sara Denton, that iced water instead of blood coursed through the veins of James Furness Darrow.

He sat across from her at a table in the university cafeteria. Psychology IV had just been lectured by the city's most eminent young industrial psychologist and, apparently, had not yet recovered

from the brilliance of his lucidity, for the cafeteria was devoid of students.

James Darrow removed his heavy tortoiseshell spectacles and rubbed his eyes with his fingers.

"I feel that I should have strengthened my theme on members of the opposite sex being psychologically suited before contemplating marriage," he said to Sara. "Those youngsters are at a very impressionable age."

Sara said, "Yes, Mr. Darrow," sugared her coffee, and pictured herself dancing dreamily in the arms of her employer, whose secretary she was.

"You have put three lumps in your

coffee," James observed mildly. "I hope you don't mind my mentioning it, Sara, but it has occurred to me that you have been rather — uh — distracted these past few weeks."

"Distracted is right," Sara muttered under her breath. She opened her eyes very wide and looked at James Darrow. "I'm in love," she said simply.

James flinched, as he always did when anyone talked of being in love. The contemplation of matrimony was, as he often pointed out, an accumulation of so many emotions, hopes, and serious intentions that no one could hope to describe it by a blanket phrase.

He put on his glasses and regarded his secretary intently.

"I'll be sorry to lose you," he told Sara.



Sara gritted her teeth.

"Don't be sorry, Mr. Darrow. My love is the kind which provides copy for the poets — unrequited."

"I find that hard to understand," James said. "Your intelligence is well above average. You are neat, clean, and — er — quite pleasing to look at."

Sara said primly: "Thank you, Mr. Darrow."

Sara thought: If I didn't love you so much, I could kill you.

"You have, I trust, given the whole matter serious consideration," James said judiciously. "As you know, I regard so-called romantic love with considerable distrust."

"I know," Sara sighed.

"I have good reasons for my attitude," James assured her. "Marital problems seriously affect the productivity of workers in industry."

"Yes, Mr. Darrow," Sara said.

"I hope you won't mope," James said to her. "If the object of your affections does not return your feelings I suggest — speaking as a psychologist, of course — that you provide yourself with other interests."

"Such as?" Sara prompted.

He smiled at her. He has a nice smile, Sara thought lovingly. He has everything except ordinary human emotions.

"You could come with me tonight to Professor Kard's welcome-home party," James suggested. "I suspect the food will be poor and the drinks scanty, but the conversation should be stimulating."

"Woman does not live by bread alone," Sara assured him. "I'll be happy to welcome home Professor Kard."

Their excursion to the faculty party was mutually rewarding, so much so that James suggested further outings. They attended lectures together, went for sedate rides in James' car, and spent a number of pleasant evenings in Sara's

To page 56

From the top of the ladder
Sara smiled down at James.

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Could it be that Hugh's wife
and son were afraid of him?

A DOG IN THE FAMILY

A short short story

BY ELEANOR
K. WOOLVIN



"Daddy, I wish he could stay
one more night," Peter said.

ON his way home from a long day at the office Hugh knew he was driving too fast and didn't care. He was a hard-working insurance executive and had eight people working under him—a fact that could account for the lines that crossed his forehead. Sales for the month had hit a new low, the manager was out with gout, his secretary had fouled up an important lunch date, and, of all days, his kid sister Bonnie had dropped by for advice.

He honked his way from lane to lane on the highway and roared into his driveway on two wheels, too fast to miss clipping his son's bicycle, which was parked illegally in the middle of the drive.

He entered the house, shouting: "Peter, you left that bike out again! Betty, I'm home, hon . . ." There was no answer. Sounds of a riot, however, issued from the back porch, and he followed the noise. "What goes on here?" he said.

The linoleum was awash from wall to wall. His wife and son, elbow-deep in detergent, were bathing a dog, unnamed and unaccredited, that Peter had dragged home the night before. At the sound of his voice the two of them looked up, startled, stopping in the middle of a laugh. In the ensuing pause the mutt leaped from the tub, shook suds all over the porch, and escaped, with Peter in hot pursuit. "I'll catch him, Daddy; I'll catch him," he screamed.

"Hi, Betty said, 'I'm terribly sorry, darling.' It was best to skip it. 'What's for dinner?' he asked. 'Give me twenty minutes. I—I've been a little busy.' He sank into his contour chair, designed to forestall ulcers and angina, and tried to keep it light. 'Is this any way to greet the king of beasts when he comes home from a day in the jungle?'

Betty smiled and sat at his feet. Her cheeks were pink and she still looked a little damp around the edges. "Peter's had a miserable day. That's why we were bathing the dog." "He didn't look miserable to me. And that dog—I thought I settled his hash this morning. We can't have a shaggy mutt like that around when we've just had the place redecorated. I tried to explain at breakfast—" He broke off sharply as the shouts of Peter and a friend echoed from the rumpus room. "Peter?" he called. "Peter, come here!" "Wait, Hugh," Betty's eyes held his. "Wait a little. We were all upset this morning."

Before he could answer, Peter came into the room and stood silently beside his mother. They're so much alike, Hugh thought—the high cheekbones and fair hair, the same facial expressions. Right now he could swear he saw in the boy's eyes a look identical to the one in Betty's. If he didn't know better, he would even give it a name. At breakfast it had been worse. The picture of the two of them after his tirade against the dog had stayed with him all the way to the office.

"See here, Peter," he said now. He shot a glance at Betty. She stood behind her son, her hands on his shoulders, her eyes pleading. "Hugh, we can talk later, can't we?"

As soon as he mumbled, "Okay," Peter whizzed out, his face shining with relief.

"I know how you feel, Hugh, about putting things off . . ." Betty hesitated, gave him plenty of time to help her out. When he didn't, she kissed his forehead, said, "Dinner coming up," and left.

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. What was it his kid sister had said today? "You always know the answer, Hugh?" And he had given the usual reply: "I try, Bonnie, that's for sure. I try." What would she think now? What, he wondered, would be her professional verdict?

She had arrived at his office unexpectedly. Smoke from the explosion that followed his secretary's confession about the lunch date had barely cleared away. To keep from committing mayhem, he took Bonnie to the corner restaurant for a quick bite. "Look sharp, missy," he told her. "You're substituting for a wealthy client."

She was sharp, all right. She had graduated from college with honors, had a tough job in social-service work, and still looked like a freckle-faced schoolgirl. "Money isn't everything," she said, scowling slightly over her hamburger.

"What's wrong?" he said. "What do you need advice about?"

"Love," she said, blushing, and he nearly fell off his chair. Bonnie? At last?

"When you want advice you go to an expert," she said. "And you've been married seven years and everything's wonderful—isn't it?—and that's what I want to find out. How do you know the person you fall in love with will be the same after five or seven or fifty years?"

She sipped her malted slowly. "I see so much, calling in all kinds of homes the way I do. Like the one I visited this morning. I wasn't exactly shocked, because I've been there before, but I was sad. The wife told me her husband used to be so considerate, but now she's actually afraid . . ."

She turned her face to him and he was surprised at the tears in her eyes. "Remember how our folks used to be? I guess I want something like that. Is it too much?"

He knew what she meant. Their parents had been married twenty-five years and had then managed to die within six months of each other.

"Dad used to say a man could grow big or grow little," she said now, "but how do you know which it will be?"

He patted her hand. "Tell me about him," he said.

"I'll have to go back to the time when I first knew him—before love made me forget what he's really like," she said. "He's handsome and kind and intelligent and ambitious—maybe too ambitious, because he works too hard and then the pressure builds up." Her voice trailed off. "It's hard to describe someone you know so well."

"Sounds like a nice, normal guy to me. I'll tell you what—bring him over to the house. If Betty thinks he's okay, he's okay." He paid the check and said goodbye before he remembered. "Hey, Bonnie—what's his name?"

She gave a funny little laugh. "Eddie," she told him. "Plain old Eddie."

He must have dozed in his chair, thinking about Bonnie, and what woke him was the mutt's yipping. He strode out to the kitchen. Peter was making a bed for the dog out of a cardboard carton. When he saw his father he tried to shove the box under the sink. "Daddy . . ." Peter's voice faltered. "I wish he could stay just one more night. Please?"

"Peter, we went over all this at breakfast," he said.

"He's such a nice dog, Daddy," Peter rushed on. "Aunt Bonnie said this morning he was about the nicest dog she'd ever met, and she even helped name him. She said if he had a name, he would always belong some place, even if he can't live with us . . ."

What right did Bonnie have to interfere? "You can leave Aunt Bonnie out of this," he began, and then, because he was apparently a man who had to be hit with a ton of bricks, he got it. He was like the husband in the case Bonnie had cried over this morning.

He looked at Peter and saw, unmistakably, fear in the boy's eyes. Across the room Betty stood motionless, her face pale, her body tense, waiting for the explosion. It struck him where it hurt the most—deep inside—that his wife and son were afraid of his temper.

After a timeless moment he heard Peter whisper, "Guess what we named him, Daddy."

He couldn't speak. His heart ached in his chest. He had become the kind of man Bonnie didn't want to marry. He stared blankly at Peter. Maybe Bonnie knew what had happened to him. Maybe she had made up that story to shock him. If she had, she would throw in a laugh at the end, name the dog Eddie or some fool thing . . .

"We named him Rags, Daddy."

Oh, thanks for that, Hugh thought. Thanks that I'm not a case history yet, that it's still up to me. He let out his breath slowly. His lips moved stiffly. "Rags, eh? That's not a bad name for a dog . . ." He tried it out again, this time smiling at Peter, watching the light come back slowly into his son's eyes. "Here, Rags. Here, boy . . ."

The crazy mutt of a dog perked up its ears and came scrambling out of the box toward him, but his wife and son got to him first . . .

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MEDICINAL
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You can't afford to take risks with the health of your baby. Your baby deserves the best protection against filthy disease-carrying flies. One fly can carry as many as 5,000,000 germs—germs of such horrible diseases as Infantile Diarrhoea, Gastro-Enteritis and Ophthalmia.

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The clock stopped and
Margaret wondered why . . .
second instalment of
our exciting suspense serial

BY
URSULA
CURTISS

HOURS TO KILL

IT had not been easy for MARGARET RUSSELL to forget how PHILIP BYRNE had jilted her to marry her sister, CORNELIA, just after she had received an unexpected legacy from a distant relation. Some months after the marriage Cornelia needed a holiday after being ill, and they asked Margaret to care for their rented house in New Mexico and to mind HILARY REVERTON, an inquisitive eight-year-old left with the Byrnes' by her parents.

The owner of the house, MRS. ISABEL FOALE, is abroad, but it is known she doesn't like children, so Margaret is constantly worried by the antics of the problem child, who makes a project of collecting mementos of the absent owner and breaking her ornaments.

Seeking relief, Margaret sends Hilary to the movies one day. Alone in the house she is startled to see a young man try the closed but unlocked door. Although he asks for Mrs. Foale, he gives his name as JEROME KINCAID and says he went to school with Margaret and Cornelia. Margaret is not sure she remembers him and doubts his story.

Her feeling of tension in the dark and gloomy house increases when she finds Hilary has a photo of Philip taken on Mrs. Foale's porch, although he had given her the impression he had never met the woman. Her nerves reach straining point the next day when a small dark-skinned, drunken man calling himself JULIO comes to wind the clock and demands payment. Even Hilary is uncomfortable in his presence, and Margaret decides never to take on a job like this again. NOW READ ON:

HILARY had apparently covered her tracks in the library; the bookshelves she often prowled through, as though she was assessing Mrs. Foale's taste in literature, were stiffly, staringly neat. The photograph of Philip had probably come from here, although there was no album. If it were a picture that Philip had given Cornelia—teasingly, because Cornelia had what almost amounted to a phobia about moustaches—she would never have left it lying around loose.

She was tidy and very methodical, and the only impact she and Philip had made on the house at all was in the bureau drawers in their bedroom. Hilary would hardly have explored there—not out of delicacy, but because her interest was not Philip or Cornelia but Mrs. Foale.

Margaret realised with surprise that her brain had figured all this out by itself; it had simply informed her, during the night, that Philip had known Mrs. Foale at some previous point.

Well, suppose he had? There was no law that required men to list all their previous acquaintances for their wives, and perhaps, so newly married, Philip had thought it the better part of valor to say nothing at all. Although no bride could very well object to the thin sixtyish woman of the framed photograph in the hall . . . Almost without volition, Margaret went to look at her again.

A good sixty, sweet but austere, mouth and nose thin and wavy, light eyes, blue or grey, with autocratic lids. A crisp edge of high frill showed about the throat. She looked the very image of a bird-fancier. The sharp, almost illegible inscription in the lower right-hand corner said, "To Hadley with deepest affection, Christina."

Christina? Isabel, surely?

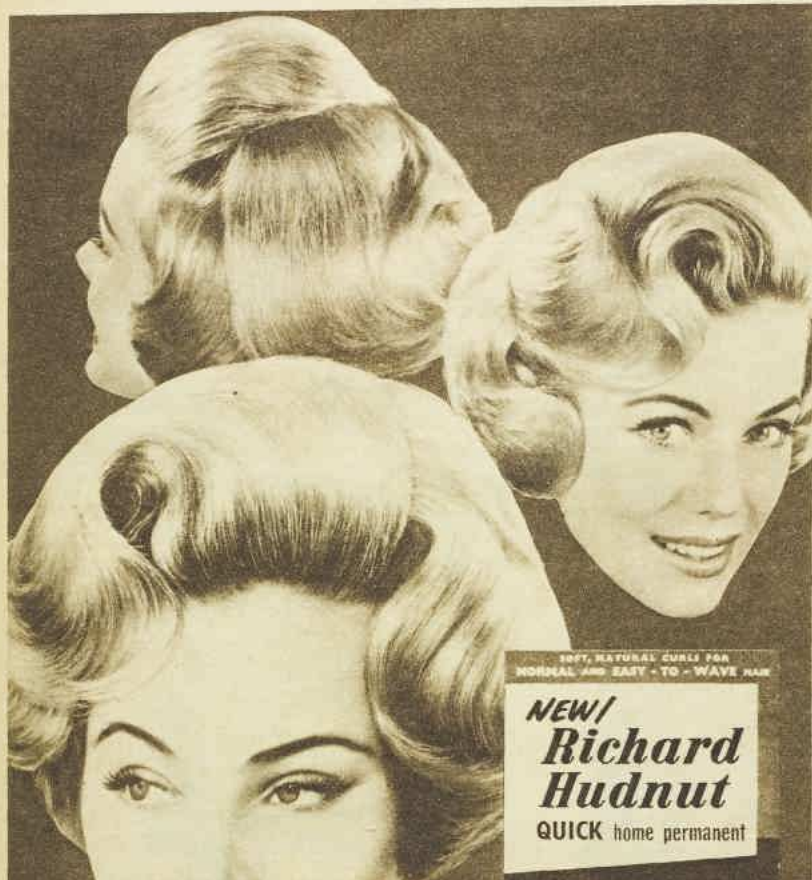
Beside this photograph, identically framed, hung one of—no, it was not an elderly gibbon because it was signed, "To Christina with love, Hadley."

How odd and formal for husband and wife, or were they husband and wife? Margaret tried to imagine away Hadley Foale's white Van Dyke and decorate him with Christina's sedately rolled hair, but it was a complicated

"Go away," Margaret said, controlling her hysteria as the man stood there with only a pane of glass between them.

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Whichever way you look at it...



only nature—or...

RICHARD HUDNUT NEW QUICK HOME PERMANENT gives you lovely, really natural-looking waves

The secret is in Richard Hudnut's exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion with lanolised penetration. This crystal clear lotion penetrates so quickly and so thoroughly, it lets you wrap more hair on to each curler so that you use less curlers—and your waves are more natural-looking. Your waves set easier and your set lasts longer. And, because of its special lanolising ingredient, your hair always stays soft and silky.

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Each one gives you sufficient for two 20-curl Perma!

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Each box contains sufficient for two pick-ups and costs only 9/9

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

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process and got her nowhere. There seemed to be some resemblance, but there often was between long-married couples, and in any case she might be imagining it. She had already begun to imagine that the photograph of the small dark-haired woman in the vase in Hilary's closet was faintly familiar.

Certainly, because of the postcard, the current Mrs. Foale was Isabel, and just as certainly the foolish little shoes and slippers had never been worn by Christina. Margaret turned away with an odd feeling of oppression and came face to face with Hilary, emerging from the kitchen with a piece of over-jammed bread which, as Margaret opened her mouth in warning, relinquished a cluster of strawberries on to the floor.

"When is lunch?" said Hilary, treading resolutely into the jam.

Margaret closed her eyes, but when she opened them Hilary was still there. "When you've cleaned up what you're standing in," she said restrainedly. "Maybe we'll go out."

"Out to lunch?"

"Yes." Although Margaret thought of it in reverse terms: out of this house—anywhere, into the light and the open.

Hilary was still suspicious of this benevolence. "Me, too?"

"Yes, if you can ever get yourself unstuck . . ."

THEY went to a small, old, adobe restaurant with a poplar-ringed courtyard for summer dining. Faint approving smiles followed Hilary's silkily brushed hair, white-piped navy blazer, plaid pleated skirt, but then Margaret herself was constantly astonished at Hilary's prim outer casing.

She ordered chicken tacos for both of them and, while they waited, a whisky sour and a glass of ginger-ale, realising with a kind of gloomy outrage that she was being regarded as Hilary's mother.

The drinks came. Margaret lit a cigarette, gazing gratefully at part of a mountain peak, still snowclad against a meltingly warm blue sky, and was recalled by Hilary's voice. "Do you drink a lot?"

Well, she had only wanted temperance lectures to make her perfect. "No."

"Mrs. Foale does."

Margaret said "Sshh!" sharply and instinctively, but no one at the neighboring tables seemed to have noticed. It was a measure of Hilary's effect on her that, after a thoughtful moment, she didn't say "Non-sense" or "That doesn't concern us," but simply, "How do you know?"

Hilary dropped her yellow glance. "There's a huge big box of empty bottles in the cellar, in that room. I got worried about the furnace once when you were taking a shower," she added rapidly, "and I went to look at it and I heard this funny noise—"

"Like fire," suggested Margaret pleasantly. "Or burglars."

"Well, and I went and looked, and the box said blankets, but there were all these bottles in it. Whisky," said Hilary in a low, carrying hiss.

Savingly, the tacos arrived: thin crisp brown tortillas enclosing slivered chicken, lettuce, cheese, and a delicately hot sauce. It was Margaret who was saved, because in spite of a minor amount of discomfort Hilary had obviously relied upon the startling quality of her latest discovery to carry her through.

And quite rightly; Margaret was much too taken aback to embark on the usual lecture. Of course, "all these" bottles might be two or three, or Mrs. Foale might have collected

them painstakingly to flow wax over as candle-holders for her less fortunate acquaintance. Still, what a bacchanalian secret for the dimly elegant old house to conceal beneath its polished floors and fragile rugs.

Hilary, busy with her tacos, appeared to have forgotten all about Mrs. Foale for the time being, and perhaps she had. Certainly there was no trace of last night's terror, although that had been connected with the cellar. But then children were notorious for brief enthusiasms, Margaret told herself hopefully, and for conveniently short-lived memories.

Hilary looked up just then. She said with an uncanny sombreness, "Maybe Mrs. Foale

tention of crossing the floor between the tables. A tray-laden waitress intervened; he gave Margaret a ruefully smiling salute and she smiled back and ushered herself and Hilary out.

A stranger in town, had he said, or at least implied? Well, she could ask Cornelia about him on the phone tonight.

But, although she waited up until midnight, amid the uneasy safety of locked doors and tightly fastened windows, Cornelia and Philip did not call.

No news is good news, thought Margaret dogmatically to herself, and bad news travels fast. Still, she could not help feeling abused. For all Cornelia and Philip knew the furnace might have exploded, or she might have throttled Hilary, or Mrs. Foale might have flown home from Europe and,

HAZEL . . . by Ted Key.



● See "Hazel" on Sydney's Channel 9, 7 p.m., Fridays. The programme will be telecast later in other States.

isn't in Europe at all. Maybe she's shut up somewhere."

For a horrifying second the tall, locked, dark-wood doors in the house flashed into Margaret's mind. She realised then that Hilary meant a sanatorium of sorts, but reaction turned her voice brusque and angry. "If you don't stop this nonsense you'll have us both shut up somewhere. Eat your lunch."

"I am," said Hilary with justice, and lapsed into an offended silence. Punishingly, she refused dessert. She had always been coaxed before; Margaret could tell from the stony but waiting look of her down-bent face. "Very wise," she said, putting on her coat. "You're not awfully far from being fat."

Hilary's every hair quivered with rage, but she stalked without argument after Margaret between the tables. They were nearly at the door when she said with satisfaction, "There's your friend."

Margaret's head turned automatically, and at a table to her left, although Hilary's words could hardly have carried that far, so did Jerome Kincaid's. He said something to the tanned, pale-haired woman who sat across from him and rose rapidly, with the evident in-

having heard rumors of a child on the premises, be knocking angrily at the door.

She was further disquieted, in an indefinable way, by the cache of bottles which she looked at for herself after Hilary was safely in bed. She did not even attempt to excuse herself. In the light from the furnace room, because there was no bulb in the ceiling socket of the frigid storage room, she lifted the lid of a large cardboard carton and pulled folds of blanket aside.

There must have been well over a case of empty bottles, not whisky but rum, piled in winking layers and angles, a neck thrust up here, a whole curved side exposed there.

Something about the label suggested that it was very cheap rum. Margaret gazed at the carton in bafflement, pulled the blanket back, tucked it neatly in, and folded the lid down again.

How cold it was in here, and how helter-skelter for such an oppressively formal house. Of course, someone going abroad, coping with all the last-minute details of closing a

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A smile for him tonight

By LEE COLGATE

LIKE a shell that has been rolled and smoothed and ground to a lustre by the sea, empty now of the life that had once inhabited it, Nora lay totally still and quiet in her bed. She was aware, and still not aware, of sounds—a nurse's heels clicking along the corridor outside her room, a car passing on the street below. Everything reached her from a great distance, as if other noises were muted by the sound of the ocean—which, still like a shell, she carried within her.

She saw the flowers in the room; the sweet peas, she remembered, were from Mac. She looked at some leaves nodding outside her window; they cast a wandering shadow on the white wall. She stared at them, hearing a radio from the next room.

The voice of the newscaster was hurried and alarmed. "Rape," she heard, "attack," and minutes later, "target." She thought of the new, small life she was responsible for exposing to all these threats. She did not take her eyes from the leaves, and after a while she began to cry.

A nurse came in without knocking. What made them feel privileged never to knock? Angels of mercy indeed! Angels of intrusion, Angels of interference and of stubbornness. Her anger toward the nurses gave her sudden strength. She propped herself up on one arm, grew dizzy and fell back gratefully to the pillow.

"How are we feeling?" asked the nurse, tugging at the pull on the blind. It shot up with a rude, angry sound, and Nora quivered. The light shrieked into the white room. "Feeling much better?" The nurse shook a thermometer and jabbed it into Nora's mouth, reaching with dry fingers for her wrist. She smiled a tight, meaningless smile and studied her watch, counting for herself the throb of life.

Tears prickled in Nora's eyes and rolled down her

cheeks. Through the window she could see a cloud shaped like a Viking ship sweeping across the sky. If only her son could have worn a coat of mail, if he could have wandered the seas in a ship with billowing sails!

The cloud turned into a snowdrift. Perhaps if she had died last night she might have become a cloud . . . a rainbow . . . a snowflake. Perhaps the trees and rocks around us, the clear, running water of a stream, are all really the souls who have finally made it and have become truly themselves, she thought. Whatever else you might say about a rock, you always felt certain about its identity.

The nurse pulled the thermometer from Nora's mouth and looked at it in triumph. Now she knew. Knew all the secrets. As if 101, 102 told anything at all about the self, much less about the soul.

"And how's that fine baby boy?" the nurse asked.

"I don't know," Nora said.

"Haven't you seen him yet today?"

"They woke me up to feed him this morning."

"But of course you didn't mind?"

"As a matter of fact, I did."

"Now, now, we're still tired. I'll bring your hairbrush and your lipstick. Almost visiting time. I imagine your husband will be coming soon. Of course you'll be glad to see him."

"There's no 'of course' about it," Nora answered. "I don't much want to see anyone."

"You'll feel better soon," the nurse assured her with a synthetic cheerfulness that grated like glass scratching on glass.

She left the room, leaving the door open to ensure a lack of privacy. Nora lifted the brush and ran it through her hair, gazing into a hand-mirror the nurse had left on the bed. Her face was lined and pale.

"Your husband will be coming," the nurse had said. She pictured Mac's flashing eyes and sudden smile. All that strength and power filling up the room. Like letting a jutting streak of lightning through the door.

"I want my mother," she said to her image, and abruptly she dropped the mirror and covered her face, falling once more to the pillow. "I want my mother," she repeated to herself. "I want my mother!"

She slept. When she awoke Mac was sitting on the edge of the bed holding her hand. "Hello, sweetheart." He smiled at her, all competent and confident and proud. Perhaps all men sailed Viking ships and wandered across their own seas. "How are you feeling?"

"Fine." She managed a weak smile, aware of the tears at some floodgate behind it.

"He's a wonderful boy, sweetheart."

"Have you seen him today?"

"I just looked at him through the window."

"Still scarlet and furious?"

"Very furious."

"Well, he must feel he had quite a struggle getting here."

He pressed her hand. "It was you who had the struggle," he said, shaking his head back and forth in awe and wonder. "Can I bring you anything? Something to read?"

The thought of having to hold a book made her eyes fill again. She blinked several times and squeezed Mac's hand.

"No, thanks, darling," she said.

"Is the food any good?"

I don't know, she thought. "It's fine," she told him. He stood up, walking to the window. Poor darling, he

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As Nora lay in the hospital bed she thought of her new-born son, her husband and her mother and she realised that through joy and sorrow love is enduring.



HOME HABITS

● Nobody wants to be mean, but nobody likes wasting money. So take a new look at that dripping hot tap, the over-full bath, the carelessly managed stove or refrigerator—and those perhaps rather easy-going shopping ways. Here are experts' hints that add up to a sensible, but not cheeseparing, approach to everyday living.

Which cost the most to run?

MOST families could cut down on expenditure by careful use of the gas and electricity, yet without being penny-pinching.

For instance, there is not much point in going around too often switching off electric lights or complaining if someone spends too long with the family hair-dryer.

They are two of the least expensive drains on power.

A 60-watt light burns nine hours for a penny (and very frequent switching on and off of lights may shorten the life of the lamp). It costs only about 3/- a year for a whole family to use a hair-dryer (or about 3/9 if it's not an all-electric home).

But you could save a great deal by careful use of other appliances.

Half the family electricity and gas bills go into providing hot water—for baths, showers, laundry, washing-up.

AN estimate of the cost of using various domestic electric appliances will show where cutting down saves little.

It costs only 11/8 a year to run an iron in an average household; 2/8 for an electric clock; 9/4 for a dishwasher; 1/7 for an electric fan or a garbage-disposal unit; 3/1 for a floor-polisher or a hair-dryer; 1/7 for a fan; 7/9 for a lawnmower; 1/7 for a foodmixer or a sewing-machine; 3/1 for a vacuum cleaner; and 6/2 for a toaster.

Electricity for a television set costs about £1/19/-.

ON the other hand, savings made on these electrical items would be more worthwhile:

Radiator, small, £4/13/- a year; large, £7/15/-; cooking range, £10/10/-; refrigerator, £3/2/-; room air-conditioner which cools and heats, £10/17/-; sink heater, £5/13/2; clothes-dryer, £4/13/-; home unit freezer, £6/4/-; instant bathheater, £10/17/-; instant hot-water service, £20/18/6; storage bathheater, £16/5/6; storage hot-water system, £20/18/-; electric jug or kettle, £2/6/6.

Values shown are for a 4-to-5-person household on the cheapest domestic cooking rate (an all-electric house). Ordinary domestic electric rate, where cooking is done by gas, is about 25 per cent. higher.

WHEN installing new appliances, get expert advice on the best type and decide yourself what you want it to do.

For instance, if you want to ensure going to bed warm at night you'll find it costs only 2/4 a year to run an electric blanket. Moderate use of a small radiator for the bedroom costs about 40 times as much.

IN space-heating eliminate draughts at the source—gaps at doors and windows. Relatively small gaps in cold and windy conditions can allow a roomful of cold air to infiltrate in a few minutes, driving the warm air outdoors.

In a cold climate, windows should be shielded by heavy drapes to keep warm air in.

A HOUSEHOLD of two can make do with a smaller, less expensive form of getting hot water than a big family requiring constant hot-water service.

FLUORESCENT lighting gives three times as much light per unit as incandescent lamps, so consequently is three times cheaper.

Incandescent bulbs, after a thousand hours of life, tend to darken, and you get more light for less cost by investing in a new bulb before the old one gives out.

Don't waste the hot water

IT costs about half as much to have a shower as to have a bath, whether gas or electricity is used. A shower taking five to eight minutes uses about four gallons of electric hot water and costs about 1½d. A bath—half hot and half cold water—filled to a depth of only five inches takes about 15 gallons, and costs 3d.

In a family with several children taking one or two showers a day, the annual saving will amount to pounds.

ONE of the biggest wastages is through leaking hot taps. As soon as they begin to drip, new washers should go on immediately.

A tap leaking at 30 drops a minute wastes 1½ gallons a day. A fast leak can waste eight gallons every day—representing three units of electric power or 4d. a day.

IF water is excessively hot or excessively cold, have the heater checked. Either fault can be costing money in wasted power.

SAVE several gallons of hot water a day by buying your husband a shaving-mug instead of his letting the water run continuously while shaving.

IN the laundry use hot soapy water several times. Save odd items of dirty washing until you have a full load before using the washing-machine.

WHEN installing gas-heaters, place them as close as possible to the kitchen sink—just on the other side of the wall is ideal.

In an installation with 40ft. of copper pipe between heater and tap, a quarter of a gallon of water remains in the pipe between uses. It cools in the pipe as soon as it stops running, and this amount of water can cost about one-tenth of a penny to heat up. Every time the hot-water tap is used, this cooled water must be run off before hot water comes through.

Using your hot tap 40 times a day with an inefficient installation like this will waste 4d. of gas a day, or 10/- a month.

If the hot-water service is more than a few feet from the tap, filling kettles, saucepans, etc., from the hot-water tap is uneconomical; use cold. With gas it costs one-sixth of a penny to boil a pint of water.

WHEN you boil a full kettle for only one or two cups of tea, the wastage of gas is about a third of a penny. This habit, twice a day for a month, would add 1/8 to the month's gas bill.

Care with stove pays dividends

IN gas cooking save power by preparing food and utensils, bringing them to the cooker, and then lighting the gas, turning the gas off as cooking is finished.

TRY cooking whole meals in the oven at the one time.

DON'T use a large flame flaring round the edge of the kettle or saucepan.

COOK vegetables in the smallest quantity of water, and have the saucepan tightly lidded. It costs four times as much to maintain boiling point in an uncovered saucepan as a covered one.

DON'T keep latecomers' meals hot for a long time over a saucepan of water or in an oven. Reheat in a saucepan over a low flame when required.

ELECTRICITY costs quoted in this feature are based on the cheapest domestic cooking rate (for an all-electric house) charged by the Sydney County Council.

GAS cost statistics were supplied by the National Gas Association of Australia in Melbourne.

RATES for both gas and electricity vary slightly in capital cities, and vary considerably in country areas, in most cases being higher than city rates.

DEFROST regularly. Ice building up on the evaporator produces an insulator and causes the unit to operate excessively and its protective power to be reduced.

DON'T overpack the cabinet. Overloading affects freezing power. And if an item not needing refrigeration, such as a tin of baked beans, has to be heated from a freezing condition, the additional time taken to heat it wastes gas or electricity on the stove.



Don't be an impulse buyer

GET the most out of your electric stove by allowing free circulation of heat in the oven. Place pans and containers so they do not touch each other or the side of the oven.

Do not place one directly above the other.

Bake joints and vegetables in shallow baking-dishes to allow heat to brown the food.

USE stored heat whenever possible. With cast hotplates, cooking will continue for at least ten minutes after the power is switched off. Use this "free" stored heat.

USE the correct kinds of saucepan for gas and for electricity.

Best way with refrigerators

IT costs only about 1/3 to 1/6 a week to run an electric refrigerator, and although little can be done to cut down this amount of power, the life of refrigerated food can be prolonged by using the appliance correctly.

HAVE defective door gaskets replaced and open the door as little as possible.

KEEP a check-list of how money is spent. By keeping simple records you are able to control the main cause of budget troubles—impulse spending.

BEFORE leaving home list the things you intend to buy. Don't buy items unless you need them within the next few days. Also decide how much you will spend at each particular shop—so much for groceries, so much for shoe repairs, etc.

IF you spot a bargain sale of something you had not planned to buy, resist the impulse no matter how low the price. Go home and consider the matter calmly. In most cases you will have plenty of time for second thoughts.

A HUSBAND and wife should decide that neither will spend more than a certain amount on a major item—for instance anything over £10—without first consulting the other. This is a sure way to cut down impulse spending.

NEVER buy an item over £2 or £3 without comparing prices from at least three stores.

THAT SAVE MONEY

— And shopping methods that save more

LOOK for "special purchase sales" and "annual sales." These are where you might get real bargains. Buy enough to last until the next sale.

DISTRUST merchandise offered at less than half the usual or list prices. The item may be a "second." It could be a discontinued model and the parts difficult to replace. It could be a demonstration model with undisclosed damage or marks on it.

You may still get good bargains in these categories, but always take extra care before parting with your money.

MAKE a habit of reading the week's food ads in your newspaper, watching particularly for weekend specials. Plan meals around these bargains.

MAKE a complete shopping-list, including all staple foods you will need for a week or longer.

If a staple is offered at an exceptionally low price buy a large quantity.

TRY to shop alone. Experts have discovered that when Dad goes with you he'll persuade you to buy things you don't need; having the children with you makes the shopping trip even more expensive.

BE a label reader. You can often learn a lot from labels. For instance, one brand may be much cheaper than another brand, both containing exactly the same ingredients.

BUY the large sizes if they really do work out cheaper, but sometimes the economy claim is quite misleading. Even if it's a genuine saving in terms of price per pound, don't buy if you are likely to tire of the food or it could grow stale or bad before you get around to using it.

Put it back on the shelf

DON'T be afraid to put things back on supermarket shelves after you have taken them off, or to return them after you have bought them but while still in the market. The afterthought may save you money.

REMEMBER what you intend to use the food for. You don't need best-quality tomatoes for frying. Powdered milk is suitable for many cooking purposes.

WHEN comparing food costs, especially of meat, calculate the cost per serving rather than what you pay per pound.

For instance, if meat has much gristle or bone it may take half a pound to serve one. But if there is no bone or waste a pound may make four or five servings.

AVOID commodities—especially fruit and vegetables—that show decay. Slightly decayed stock bought at a low price may not be cheap. Distinguish between blemishes that affect appearance and those which affect eating quality.

For instance, sooty or blotched apples, dirty potatoes, or those with growth cracks, cabbage or lettuce with outside yellow leaves may be good quality with the outside blemish removed yet cost half the price of "perfects."

BEWARE of bait advertising. You may be a victim if, when you arrive at the store, the item advertised is "sold out," if the salesman "runs down" the advertised item and tries to sell you something more expensive, if he refuses to take orders for the advertised item to be delivered within a reasonable time.

When reputable stores have only limited

quantities of an item, they usually warn you in advance. If you arrive too late, they generally do not try to thrust something more expensive on to you.

BUY food by the calendar. Food prices go through seasonal cycles, and highs and lows can be plotted on the calendar. For instance, buy fruit and vegetables at their harvest time when they are low priced and plentiful, not when they are out of season, scarce, and expensive.

IMPULSE buying eats up money, but almost as bad is the reverse—the slavish buying of one particular brand. Take stock occasionally and see if a cheaper brand might not serve you just as well, or a more expensive brand prove more economical in the long run.

WHEN large quantities of food are available cheaply, buy enough for two meals, such as buying stewing-meat in sufficient quantity to make two meals. Casserole both at the same time, and keep one in the refrigerator. Saves on buying and on gas or electricity bills.

INSTEAD of dishing up food in the kitchen serve it at the table. Individual portions can then be served according to appetites and much waste will be avoided by "clean plates" at the end of the meal.

REMEMBER that the cheapest cuts of meat may be as nutritious as the most expensive cuts.

BUY only what you really need, not what you think you might use some day.

BE conscious of your emotional mood when you shop. In periods of stress, crisis, or loneliness you are much more likely to rush out and buy something you don't need.

A useless new hat to compensate for a run-down feeling is an expensive cure.

BEWARE of something for nothing. If an offer sounds too good to be true, look for reasons. Unless you can discover good ones don't spend your money.

Don't splurge on household goods

WHEN buying household utensils—such as pots and pans—it is not always good economy to buy "package" sets. In the set will probably be at least one utensil you don't need.

WHEN buying vacuum-cleaners and sewing-machines buy only those attachments you will use frequently.

TRY to save your small repair jobs until you have a number to be done before calling in a repair man. Tradesmen usually charge a minimum service fee, and having several jobs fixed up at one call may save you money.

COMPARE price of repairs with price of replacement. While tradesmen's charges have steadily increased, the cost of some new items has actually dropped, so it may sometimes pay to buy a new household item rather than have an old one mended.

Before throwing out an old household item see if it can be used as a trade-in on something that you are planning to buy. For instance, an old disused iron may be a trade-in on a new frying-pan.

WHEN buying clothes you'll save money if you remember that dark colors are more practical than light, and mixtures don't show spots as readily as plain colors, nor do they "shine" as quickly.

A TIGHT weave wears longer than a loose one; a twill weave in which the yarns are woven at an angle is tougher than an ordinary criss-cross weave.

OVERSTUFFED shoulder pads are a sure sign of cheap tailoring in men's and women's suits—leave them alone.

IT is important to be a label-reader when buying clothes. Don't buy those which have no label specifying fabric content.

Save on charge accounts

CHARGE accounts with stores are one of the most attractive ways of "buying now, paying later" but be careful you don't abuse them—be careful again of impulse buying.

On the same date each month decide just how much you can charge during that period and pay for in the 30 days following. When you buy, total the amount weekly to make sure you're keeping within your budget.

PAY cash for little things, when possible. Save charge accounts for items that cannot be postponed, or result in a saving, or are ordered by telephone.

OPEN accounts only in stores that you patronise regularly. Charge accounts in too many stores leaves you wide open to overspending temptation.

If at all possible, avoid "easy payment" plans that stretch over long periods. The shorter the period you pay back a debt the less money you will pay out in interest.

Be an economical driver

LEARN to drive your car well; you'll save on petrol, oil, tyres, expensive repairs.

KEEP a small expense book and put into it every item you spend on the car.

This way you'll be able to keep a check on how the money is spent, and where you are most likely to make savings.

BE firm about maintenance. Regular servicing is one of the best ways of saving money, and when you find a good garage, stick to it.

WHEN buying tyres get several estimates from dealers about trade-in price of your old ones.

BUY a second-hand car when it is two years old. The worst depreciation period has taken its toll, and there are still plenty of good miles in it—but beware of buying ex-taxis, ex-fleet cars, or ex-travellers' cars.

DON'T go mad on unnecessary accessories. Two-tone coloring, white-wall tyres, and other refinements may add practically nothing to the trade-in value.

LIKE fruit and vegetables, cars should be bought at the right season, preferably in the slowest-moving winter months of June and July, and also in January and February, after the public's Christmas spending spurge.

Buy toward the end of a month rather than at the beginning—you can drive a better bargain if the dealer knows his overheads have been taken care of by previous sales.

YOUR opportunity for the best bargain of all may come by patiently and carefully watching reputable used-car saleyards over a fairly long period. When a car has remained unsold for a month or longer the manager is probably willing to cut the price heavily, even though it may be no "bomb." If you know your cars, or have a friend or agent who does, you can take advantage of this situation.

YOU may get a better second-hand car from a dealer who also sells new cars, as he will keep the best of the second-hand ones for resale before passing the older ones on to second-hand dealers.

DISBELIEVE speedometers. Assume the car has done 10,000 miles or more a year, and base your judgment on that mileage.

IN car batteries you get what you pay for.

If you are planning to keep your car four or five years an expensive battery will be more economical. If you think of trading in after two years a lower-priced battery may save you money.



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WHITENESS AND BRIGHTNESS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE

Only Rinso has New Wonder Suds—Suds that keep on working, working long after other suds give up.

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Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines.



NEW WONDER SUDS AND ONLY RINSO HAS THEM!

Worth Reporting

AT work housewives queue for Bruce Jeffree's advice on interior-decorating problems; at home, his mother and three sisters coerce him into helping them shop for "important occasion" dresses and hats.

A young man with all-round taste, Bruce is furnishing co-ordinator for a leading Sydney store.

Currently conducting the store's six-day interior-decorating clinic, Bruce demonstrates vignettes of furnished settings, patiently answers end-of-session queries.

At home he finalises family fashion "indecisions" and works on redecorating their five-bedroomed home at Glebe Point.

We cornered him before the clinic opened, when the fabrics and wallpapers were being matched; when the stained-glass print for "palazzo lounge" was being pronounced "just perfect."

Bruce Jeffree, who leaves for overseas next month on a buying and trend-noting trip, works in an office off the furnishings department.

A feature wall has an inset panel of gilded guipure lace; the abstract-shaped desk is supported by a driftwood leg; wall bookshelves are pieces of wood screwed together and draped over curtain-rods; the centre light fitting is gilded driftwood wreathed with gilded flowers.

From under the golden bough came inspiration for the clinic color schemes.

Under it, also, in spare moments, are born the ideas for his family home.

Current ideas that his family — his mother, Mrs. Johanna Jeffree, and his three sisters, Andrea, Audrey, and Gloria — are enthusiastic about include:

• The rippled-glass bathroom door with a school of hand-painted tropical fish swimming through the "waves" and reflected in a full mirror wall; the scarlet-and-white lounge that has an electric fire in the centre of a fireplace burst of sun-ray pleated taffeta; a bedroom ceiling "textured" by squares of cerise-and-white corrugated cardboard.

...and sister is The Voice

"WE think he's wonderful," said Andrea Jeffree, blond, pretty, and 20 — and just a stone's throw away from her brother in another department of the same department store, the public address.

Andrea is, in fact, the public address.

Wearing a dress (designed by Bruce, naturally), she sits in a sort of goldfish bowl surrounded by a microphone, amplifiers, records.

She announces store bargains and current demonstrations and coming staff cricket matches and birthday calls.

She locates lost articles — including children; she pages "by special number, not



INTERIOR decorator Bruce Jeffree in his office that features an abstract desk with driftwood leg and zig-zag bookshelves.

name") house detectives and window-dressers; she "gongs" the time at intervals; and she plays "busy" and "slow" background music.

There's a method in her music. The "slow," played at off-buying periods on weekdays, especially around the quiet 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. hour, is said to keep the customer browsing contentedly among the counters.

The "busy" music (bright discs of musicals, cha cha, twist), played during lunch hours and on busy shopping days, keeps the customer in a busy buying mood... speeds impulse buys.



Andrea Jeffree . . . method in her music.

The artist as a young man

TWO family portraits painted in his teen years are among the earliest oil paintings of 1962 Archibald Prize winner Bill Pidgeon.

One is of his cousin Roma when she was about his own age, 16; the other is of his late grandfather, John White, painted when Bill was 19.

Recalls Bill: "I painted Roma during a visit to my aunt, Mrs. Emma Pidgeon, of Rose Bay." (The portrait still hangs on Mrs. Pidgeon's walls "mainly because she was such a good-looking blonde.")

"Can't remember how I got Grandfather to sit for me, but I do remember the then 80-year-old boy complaining bitterly when he saw the finished effort.

"He was furious. He said I'd made him look too old."

OUR recent paragraph about the hotel in Paradise, Gloucestershire, England, called "The Adam and Eve" brought this note from reader Pauline Woodard, of Elwood, Victoria.

"I am returning to Gloucestershire to live next year. I wonder if I will have the same old chuckle when I see the number six bus leave Cheltenham bearing the sign 'Harp Hill via the Cemetery.'"

When words fail (From a reader in Bayswater, W.A.)

THE driver of the heavily laden diesel cattle-train flung away his dead cigarette-end, let go a deep breath, and relaxed as he made the last of the 12 "split"-gear changes that had the train rolling at its best cruising speed.

Seconds later, and after rounding a slight bend, his mate noticed a car, piled high with luggage and facing toward them, pulled up at the side of the road.

"Blast!" the driver said, "looks like trouble," and eased to half speed.

As they passed the car, bonnet now open, they noticed a little man, wearing, in spite of the heat, a full suit with collar and tie, come to the middle of the road and wave his arms wildly.

The train came slowly to a halt and the two men walked back the quarter-mile or so to the car, where they were met by the man, now eating a sandwich.

"What's the trouble?" asked the driver.

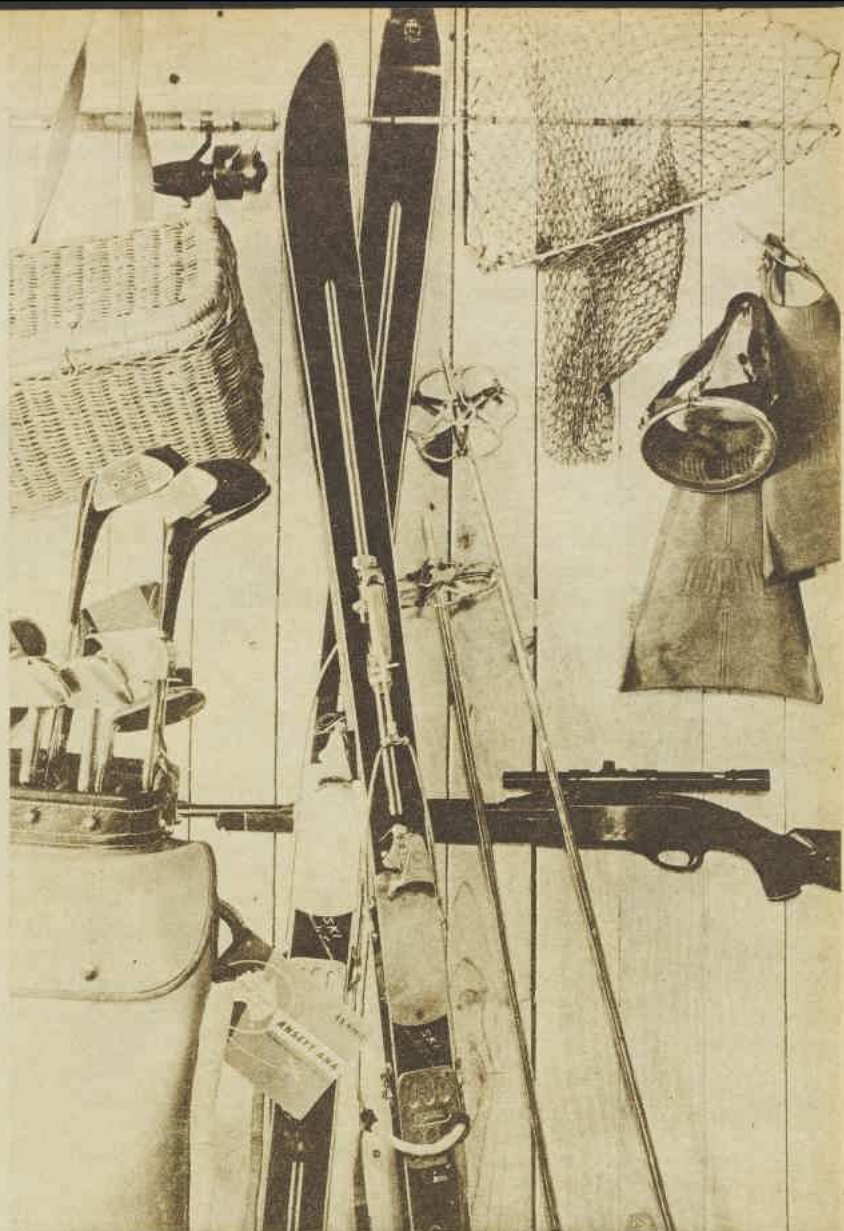
"Oh, no trouble, thank you," was the reply.

"No trouble! Well, why did you stop us?" demanded the exasperated driver.

"Well, you see," explained the man, "we were just having a nice snack when we saw you coming and we didn't want any dust."

★ ★ ★
FROM the back seat of the scurrying suburban taxi we saw what looked like a jolly good idea being wheeled along the footpath.

A lass with a delicate air was transporting her huge, obviously weighty suitcase with ease. Her fingers caressed the handle (at one end of the top of the case) while two tiny wheels (at one end of the bottom) kept things in motion.



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who said
"MORE CHOCOLATE RIPPLE CAKE"



Everyone who tastes rich, chocolatey, wholesome Brockhoff CHOCOLATE RIPPLE CAKE asks for more. No need to tell them how simple it is to make. Just pass them the plate, try not to look as proud as you feel — and thank goodness you clipped out the recipe.

CHOCOLATE RIPPLE CAKE

INGREDIENTS: ½ lb. Brockhoff Chocolate Ripple Biscuits, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, ½ pint cream, vanilla essence, chopped nuts.

METHOD: Add sugar and a drop of vanilla essence to the cream and whip until very stiff. Join biscuits alternately with generous spreads of cream. Cover thickly and entirely with cream. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts or Chocolate Ripple crumbs. If desired decorate with crystallised cherries. Allow cake to stand at least 6 hours to set. It will be greatly improved if placed in the refrigerator. Cut on an angle to ensure alternate layers of cake and cream in each slice.

baked oven-crisp by

BROCKHOFF



Chocolate Ripples are crisp and chocolatey. Really satisfying with morning and afternoon tea or coffee breaks. In stay-fresh packets or loose from the tin.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 21, 1962

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

**SKI FUN,
FASHION
GO WELL
TOGETHER
—pages 6, 7**



LETTERS

BEATNIK

Faith in teenagers destroyed

WHEN I was at school and drew my friends from only one section of the community I used to frequently bristle and defend teenagers when I heard the criticism that they were an "irresponsible, empty-headed, rock-loving lot." However, now that I have a broader view of other teenagers, I am inclined to agree with the opinion that the majority of them are just that.

Their speech is poor, both grammar and pronunciation, their taste in clothes deplorable, their general knowledge almost non-existent, their manners bad. I feel embarrassed for them, and even many of the "do-gooders" we hear so much about, the charity workers and fellowship attenders, seem to regard their work and beliefs as existing for the one day of the week only, and revert to type for the other six days. Disloyal as this may sound, I am afraid that it is true. — *"Disillusioned," Cremorne, N.S.W.*

Job paid off

LAST year I was chosen class captain at our girls' school. To me, a class captain is a person who is liked by all and who gets along with everyone. She does fairly well in exams. I am sometimes lazy and hadn't been doing well in exams. Last year I improved from 15th in the class to third. By electing me captain the girls helped me improve my standards and to know the other girls better than I had. I tried to stick to the higher standards, and I think my time as class captain was a success all round. — *Carolyn Grant, Kotara, N.S.W.*

Business mind

I HAVE two elder sisters, both working, and they always borrow my clothes and shoes. Lately, as I am short of money, I have started a racket. They both go by the "I can't wear the same thing twice" theme, so I charge them for wearing my clothes. I can charge them as much as I think it's worth; they don't care as long as they don't have to wear "the same thing twice." It's an easy living. — *"Miser," Victoria.*

Small troubles

I AM furious! Why can't those well-meaning, cold-hearted, non-comforting, inhuman beings be more sympathetic to people with SMALL problems.

I had an extremely painful split lip, yet when I mentioned it at home I was told not to complain, as other people had far worse problems than my lip.

I deeply sympathise with

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

"worse-off" people, but still maintain that any problem, whether big or small, is a problem—and all problems mean discomfort and displeasure. However, I must allow that the people who did not sympathise with my problem did not have it themselves, and so would not understand how big and important it was to me at the time. — *"Problems," Cairns, Qld.*

Hot temper

I WAS most interested in "Cured's" cure for hot temper (T.W., 24/1/62). When I was first married I, too, had to find a cure for my temper when in-law trouble began. I took to writing down just what I really wanted to say and so got it out of my system. I forgot all about my notes when the time came that I didn't need to write my

hurts down — my in-laws were quite nice folk really! I recently found my notes again. Oh, my, how glad I am that I didn't say those hurtful, foolish things. I was often in the wrong, and now it seems silly and immature. — *"Cured, Too," Ashfield, N.S.W.*

Loneliness . . .

I WONDER if other teenagers know what it is like to feel that you are a prisoner and to know that you cannot escape. It is surely the most terrible punishment ever! I live in the country twenty miles from the nearest town, which I visit once a week only. I cannot describe what I feel as I sit on the edge of my bed, trying desperately to think of something to do, or even something to think about! My mind goes blank and I get a fiery, bursting pain inside me, as if in a moment I will explode into tiny pieces (sometimes I wish I would) if something does not happen soon.

All week I see no one but my family. In fact, I have begun to dislike my parents excessively (perhaps I blame them for my semi-isolated state). I sincerely hope that not many people ever feel this pain to the extent that I feel it almost every day. To dread tomorrow is a great sin. — *"Desperate," N.S.W.*



"I think you're going to like Albert when you see him."

. . . and again

SOME writers to this page claim to have found solutions to loneliness in the country. However, the solutions nearly always require another person or persons of the same age. If these people existed there would be no loneliness. Books, TV, radio, etc., are quite dull when there is no other choice. Those living right in the country, miles from town, seem doomed to loneliness. Country life seems to have no advantage, excepting quiet and peace, of which there is often too much. — *B. McMahon, Hallora, via Drouin, Vic.*

Next week:

COL JOYE and Judy Stone — TV's "Bandstand" popularity poll winners — are on the cover. There are ALSO color pictures and a story about a wonderful new hairstyle — London's latest. AND Debbie, our teenage Mrs. Beeton, gives recipes for a delicious dessert and a tasty fruit cup to wash it down.

DOES YOUR FATHER KNOW BEST?

A BOY not only has to support himself, but very likely a wife and children, while a girl only has to support herself and usually only until she marries. Don't you agree it would be a shame if, after sending you to university, your father couldn't afford to send one of your brothers? There are many positions for girls that are interesting and well paid and yet do not need a university education. — *Judith Adams, Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.*

"SUFFRAGETTE" is justified in seeking a university education—but not if it would limit her brothers' education in any way. A girl should make a point of doing a course and taking a profession which she could reasonably come back to later in married life if the need should arise. This, therefore, excludes girls from medicine, dentistry, and scientific research work. — *David Weir, Clayfield, Brisbane.*

GENERALLY speaking, it is the mother who decides the general standard of a family. It is she to whom the children mostly turn for advice and guidance. She spends more time with the children than the father — answering

● "Suffragette" wrote (T.W., 17/1/62) that, though she was willing to help pay her expenses, her father would not allow her to go to university. Her brothers will be given priority over her, though she has higher academic possibilities. "Suffragette" asked readers' opinions on her "unfair" situation:

their questions, influencing them with her manners of speech, knowledge, and breeding. A boy must be educated today—that is agreed. But I think it is equally essential that a girl should have the same opportunity as her brothers — especially when she has shown above-average ability. In the highly competitive world of today, children—both boys and girls—need all the education and training their parents can afford. — *Miss S. Wallace, Hurstville, N.S.W.*

UNFORTUNATELY there are many fathers like yours who fail to realise that higher education is every bit as important to a girl as to a boy. Mothers see the position more clearly in the light of their own experience. Even though you marry, the time may still come when you'll need an interesting, well-paid position, perhaps to help your family through THEIR education; perhaps, when they are edu-

cated and independent, to save yourself from the boredom and loneliness so many married women are a prey to when their children are grown.

As a university graduate, a woman of any age has a much better chance of securing employment that is stimulating and rewarding—not "just a job." So, despite your father's attitude, don't give up your ambition of doing a university course. If you have not yet sat for the Leaving (or its equivalent examination in your State), make up your mind to matriculate so that you will be eligible to enter the university, even if not yet, then later when the opportunity presents itself.

A university education is becoming more and more essential in these scientific times. Even if you have to struggle hard to achieve your purpose, it will be worth it, believe me. You have your mother on your side, so stick to your guns and

don't let anyone or anything deter you. And may I wish you the very best of luck! — *Mrs. M. Francis, Balgowlah, N.S.W.*

I AM not a teenager but a woman of 51. I had the same trouble as you are having with my father 36 years ago. My mother tried hard for me, but my father won—on the argument: "Girls only get married." My brother was given priority and all available money. I still resent the fact to this day, but it hasn't stopped me looking after my aged father—my brother and his wife find excuses not to help me. Your father should think well before he decides. — *"Middle-aged," Bathurst, N.S.W.*

TO defray expenses, wouldn't it be a good idea to take a business college course, get a reasonably easy job in the town or city where the nearest university is, and attend these as a part-time student? You will probably only be able to do two subjects a year, but you would have the feeling that you are really doing something. Also, this would show your father that you did not have to depend on his decision. — *Miss B. Thompson, Sandy Bay, Tas.*



By a special correspondent

● Do you speak and write good English?

THE chances are you make a mistake now and then, because nearly everyone does. English is a rich and expressive language, but it is full of traps, and not only for young players.

Listed here are 50 common faults. They vary a good deal in importance.

GROUP A contains 24 mistakes of the more or less glaring kind in pronunciation and grammar. These are errors that can be a handicap in applying for a job where correct speech is expected or in contacts with people who are critical of such matters.

GROUP B contains 20 mistakes of a milder order. Fewer people will notice them, but they should be avoided just the same.

GROUP C consists of six forms of speech which are not considered by all authorities to be definitely incorrect. They rate as poor English because they are not in very good taste.



GROUP A

Anythink

This pronunciation is a strange mistake, because anyone can see there is no "k" on the end of "anything." Yet the *anythink* habit is so strong with some people that they don't know they have it.

The sound is most conspicuous and jarring when it comes before "else"—*anythink else* or *nothink else*.

Heightth

A companion error to *anythink* is saying *heightth* for "height." It tacks on to the end of a word a sound that shouldn't be there.

I'm gunner do it.

Everyone knows that "going to" should not be pronounced "gunner." But it is easy to slip into the mistake unless you take a little care.

Children are especially *gunner* prone.

Pitchers

This way of pronouncing "pictures" is in the same category as "gunner"—a symptom of lazy speech.

Sekatry

Still another short-cut pronunciation. It is slightly harder to say "secretary," but one is expected to make the effort.

Febuerry

There are two r's in February, and both have a right to be heard. Also, the accent is on Feb and not on ary. First cousin to this mistake is saying "liberry" for library.

Partickally

This telescoped form of "particularly" is heard sometimes from radio and TV commentators—who are overpartial to the words "particular" and "particularly."

There is no point in saying "on

this particular occasion" when all you mean is "on this occasion."

Mischecvious

This version of "mischievous" has been around for generations and will probably flourish for a long time yet. There is only one right way to say the word—"Miss-chevus," with accent on the miss.

Hyderangea (or hyderange)

That extra second syllable doesn't belong there; and the final "a" must not be ignored. The word is pronounced as it is spelled: *hydrangea*, with the "ange" sounded as in "angel."

Lonjeray

Lingerie is a French word used mainly by shops. There is no need to use it in conversation at all, since the plain English *underwear* is preferable. It is best to leave the word *lingerie* well alone, but anyone who feels an itch to use it should give it the French pronunciation, which is

something like "lang-jree." "Lonjeray" is away off target.

I da know

This is the easy way of saying "I don't know." Another is "I dunno." Neither will pass muster with a keen-eared listener.

Come here, youse two

The word *youse* is a comical freak not to be found in dictionaries and growing rare in daily speech. It is no good as a status symbol.

I seen her

To say "seen" instead of "saw" is one of the worst of all grammatical "blues." To be avoided like hepatitis.

● Good English is "all Greek" to many teenagers—and adults, too. So here are some warnings, by an expert, of some traps . . .

SPEAK AND

write

BETTER ENGLISH

Off of

Some speakers put in an "of" after "off" when it is not needed: "The book fell off of the table."

Others go further and use "off of" where they should say "from": "I got the book off of her."

"Off of" is out—in all circumstances.

If I had've

Here is another example of a queer insertion of a needless word:

Instead of saying simply, "If I had been there," the speaker says, "If I had have been there." Usually he pronounces it "If I had've" or "if I had of."

The unwanted "what"

While we are on superfluous words, here is another.

Example: "I do the job more quickly

only to be used when you lay *something*."

You lay a carpet. But you lie down to sleep, and let sleeping dogs lie.

I never

These words are often used instead of "I didn't." Example: "I never went to the pictures last night," where the speaker means "I didn't go."

The rule is: never say *never* unless you really mean it. Correct example: "She has never been to the pictures in her life."

Look at them boys

Saying "them boys" instead of "those boys" is still a fairly common mistake—though the old-fashioned "them there boys" is not often heard nowadays.

If you was in my position

"You was" does not exist in good English; only "you were."

I'll get there first but

Some speakers say this instead of "But I'll get there first." It is a strange quirk, this afterthought "but." *But* belongs at the head of a statement, not at the tail.

Real good

A very popular phrase which should nevertheless be "really good." Before an adjective the form is always "really." Incidentally, it has three syllables and should not be pronounced "reely."

Between you and I

This should be "between you and me." And by the same token it is incorrect to say "Let you and I do the job." It should be "Let you and me . . ."

● Continued on page 4

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3

50 common pitfalls

that what he does."

This is wrong. It is correct to say simply: "... more quickly than he does."

I hadn't ought to have

Instead of saying: "I shouldn't have drunk so much," some speakers will use the roundabout expression: "I hadn't ought to have drunk so much."

The phrase has a close relation: "You didn't ought to have . . ." They are both ungrammatical.

Rule: Always use *should* when you should.

I think I'll have a lay-down

Lie and *lay* are a notorious snag. But the rule is quite definite. *Lay* is

Continued from p. 3



GROUP B

If I talk like you do

It is correct to say "If I talk as you do" or "If I talk like you." But it is not correct to say "If I talk like you do." One is not supposed to use the word *like* in this situation when a verb comes after it. Be wary of saying "like" where you should say "as."

Her hairstyle is different than mine

"Different from" and "different to" are both O.K. But not "different than."

The campers found the mosquitoes very aggravating

Here *aggravating* is wrongly used as if it meant "annoying."

To *aggravate* means to make something worse or more serious. It would be correct to say: "The mosquitoes aggravated the discomfort of the campers."

Due to the bad weather, there will be no tennis

The speaker should say: "Because of the bad weather, there will be, etc." *Due* is a sort of adjective and cannot be left, as here, without a noun to hang on to. A correct use would be: "The postponement of the tennis is due to bad weather," where "due" goes with "postponement."

The reason is because he is sick

Wrong. It is correct to say: "The reason is that he is sick," or "He is absent because he is sick." But the phrase *the reason is because*, a kind of mixture of the two, is ruled out.

I told him about how you were coming

If this just means "I told him you were coming," the words *about how* do nothing and should not be there.

If it means "I told him how you were coming" — whether you were coming, say, by train or bus — *about* is still unnecessary.

The programme is broadcast alternatively from Sydney and Melbourne

The right word here is *alternately*, not "alternatively," because the sentence means that the programme comes from Sydney and Melbourne turn and turn about.

Alternatively means "as an alternative," without the idea of turn and turn about. Thus, it would be correct to say: "The programme next Monday will be broadcast from Sydney, or alternatively from Melbourne."

She not only went to the shops but to the pictures

This breaks the rule for *not only* and *but*: that each must be followed by an item of the same kind.

The correct sentence would be: "She went not only to the shops but to the pictures." It would be equally correct to say: "She not only went to the shops, but spent an hour at the pictures."

He was oblivious to the people round him

It should be "oblivious of." *Oblivious* means forgetful, and you are forgetful of things, not to them.

Did you hear about me winning the prize?

A little trap into which thousands fall. The correct form is: "Did you hear about my winning the prize?" The reason: "Winning" here is a verbal noun and requires a possessive case before it.

Inter-esting

In this word the accent should be on the first syllable, not the third.

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Would you give me a lend of the book?

The noun is *loan*, the verb is *lend*. So this sentence should be: "Would you give me a loan of the book?" or, more simply: "Would you lend me the book?"

I learned whom the players were

Should be: "I learned who the players were."

Whom is a notorious trap. It is the objective case of "who." In this sentence it is used wrongly because it is not the object of anything. The sentence could be changed to: "I learned who were the players" — showing that "who" is a subject.

On the other hand, it would be correct to say "I learned whom the players had defeated," because "whom" here is the object of "defeated."

However, "whom" is a form which has become optional in ordinary speech and is going out of use. Most people would say here, "I learned who the

Jack Kramer is a strong protagonist of open tennis tournaments

The word *protagonist* does not mean an advocate or supporter of something — the sense in which it is employed here.

It means "the chief actor or participant." A correct use would be: "Jack Kramer is the protagonist in the campaign for open tennis tournaments." This tricky word is rarely used in the right way.



GROUP C

She has the prettiest dress of any girl in the room

Although generally tolerated, this type of sentence is not logical, because what is meant is: "Of all the girls in the room, she has the prettiest dress."

It is better English to say: "She has

few years to say this instead of "I don't know." But it does not mean the same as "I don't know," and anyone who thinks about it for a moment can see that it is a rather silly affectation.

At this juncture

This phrase, meaning "at this stage of events," or simply "at present," is quite grammatical. But it should be avoided, because it is a bore's word. It is a pompous expression used exclusively by bores in public speeches.

You know Mary, well, she told me . . .

This laborious way of beginning a story, instead of saying "Mary told me," is a common habit among children. Some adults use it, too. It should be dropped, because it is clumsy and gives an impression of slow thinking.

Fantastic

A word that has been worked to death. It is so often used as a mere way of showing enthusiasm — "I saw a fantastic movie last night" — that it is no longer fit for its proper use. Give it a rest, except when it is really appropriate. The same goes for "fabulous."

The partners did not put anything in writing, but made a verbal agreement

Here *verbal* is used as if it meant "by word of mouth." The correct word meaning "by word of mouth" is *oral*. *Verbal* means "in words," so it applies to a written as well as a spoken agreement.

This use of *verbal* is so often heard from exalted persons like cabinet ministers that most people accept it as right. There are even dictionaries that accept it. But why not use the proper word — *oral*?

SPEAK and WRITE BETTER English

players had defeated" — and this is now acceptable.

More than one person were killed in the smash

"More than one" is treated as singular, so the correct sentence would be: "More than one person was killed."

Standing in the road, the aeroplane could be seen directly overhead

An example of the fault known as the hanging or floating participle. A participle, such as "standing" in this sentence, should be connected with a definite word, and the word should be put as near to it as possible.

But "standing" here has no word to go with it. The aeroplane is not standing in the road.

It would be correct to say: "Standing in the road, we saw the aeroplane directly overhead" — because here "standing" tells what "we" are doing.

Those sort of people

This is a mistake. The phrase should be: "that sort of people" or "people of that sort," because "that" is connected with the singular noun "sort," not the plural noun "people."

I doubt that he is fit to play

It is correct to say "doubt whether . . ." but not "doubt that . . ."

On the other hand, "There is no doubt that he is fit" is correct. It's just one of those grammatical things.

And there is some logic in it, after all, because if there is no doubt, there is no question *whether* one of two things will happen.

The number of persons was fewer than before

The persons were fewer, not the number. Correct version: "The number of persons was smaller than before."

The prisoner seemed to be disinterested in the court proceedings

Many people mistakenly use *disinterested* here when they mean "uninterested."

"Disinterested" means "free from self-seeking motives." A disinterested person has no axe to grind. Correct use: "The competition will be judged by a disinterested expert."

a prettier dress than any other girl in the room."

I wouldn't know

It has been fashionable in the past



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 21, 1962

Ruth senses trouble afoot

By KIRSTEN WARD

● People tread warily when they meet Ruth McAlpine, 19 — she is an apprentice chiropodist.

RUTH is half-way through her course, and Miss A. Bramston, director of the Chiropody Training Centre in Sydney, estimated that Ruth will have worked on 1000 feet before her course is finished.

Ruth's work takes in massage, infra-ray treatment, correction of foot ills, the making of arch supports and other foot appliances, shoe corrections — and advice.

It's a rewarding job for Ruth. She was originally interested in nursing, but she had to visit a chiropodist herself, and changed her mind. It's satisfying in that it's useful and helpful — and, eventually, will pay well.

When she becomes registered with the Australian Chiropody Association at the end of her course, she can go to work in a store, surgery, or her own home, and earn a very reasonable income.

Many lectures

To start the course under 18 you must have the Leaving Certificate, but over that age the Intermediate or Nurses Certificate will do. (Older people who have no certificate can enter if they pass an intelligence test.)

Ruth was just 18 when she started and she had her Intermediate.

For the first couple of months students study only theory. They attend lectures (two each day) in anatomy, orthopedics, physiology, chemistry, pathology, dermatology, and chiropody.

And they watch advanced students working on patients.

For the third month they continue to observe, they have a chance to cut nails and do other relatively easy work—and then they sit for a preliminary exam which they must pass. (Ruth topped hers.)

Then they work under the supervision of a senior for three months. For the next year or so they work on their own, but all work is checked by seniors in charge.

Training Centre patients are mostly pensioners who pay only nominal fees for the therapy and advice, but Ruth has also worked on teenagers, housewives, and business people.

At the Centre there are usually about 20 students, male and female, of all ages.

The course costs 22 guineas entrance fee, and then £10 a

GIRLS PUT BEST FEET FORWARD

month for the 18 months. Books and instruments cost £25.

This may seem a lot, but you would pay more to do a university course in any other medical field — and the long-term compensations are very good.

The big city stores can't get enough trained chiropodists to supply their demand, and, consequently, it is a secure, well-paid job.

The 18 months is equivalent to two years' training because the students don't take the usual university holidays.

The Centre tries to prevent as well as cure foot trouble, and Ruth's job is also to teach people how to care for their feet, how to walk, and how to choose shoes.

Stiletto heels are the bane of the chiropodist.



TEENAGE chiropodist Ruth McAlpine (above) with plaster casts of a patient's feet. At left, she makes arch supports.

"They throw the weight, which, according to nature, should be on the heels, forward on to the toes — and this leads to all sorts of deformities, which can become very painful with age," Miss Bramston said.

Miss Bramston estimates that

60 per cent. of foot trouble is caused by bad shoes.

Ruth works as a theatre usherette three nights a week to pay for her course. She lives with her family in Bondi, Sydney, and they help her, too.

Because she wears a uniform during the day she saves on

clothes. Her "special" boyfriend is studying dentistry, so between them they have a lot of study to do.

"But you put everything you learn into practice every day," Ruth said. "That makes it easier."

...Rhonda is on her toes



PETITE 21-year-old Rhonda Russell, of Sydney, has been running her own ballet school for three years.

"I had 13 pupils to start with," she said. "Now there are 70."

Pupils at the school, in the suburb of Bexley, range from tinies aged four years to 13-year-olds. Rhonda has a lot of extra work to do, apart from teaching dancing.

She has to keep up to date on the strict examination syllabus — she teaches Royal Academy of Dancing methods — by attending classes herself every year. Then there are the French terms, costuming, and theory to be taught to her charges.

Rhonda was a late starter in ballet—she didn't take lessons until she was 13. But she then raced through her primary exams in two years and did her Elementary and Intermediate in one year. Most people take about two years for each.

She later spent a year studying at the Scully Borovansky School of Ballet.

Last year Rhonda danced in the Ballet Australia at the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney. "I hope I'll go overseas some time," Rhonda said.—PENNY FORD.

SUSAN HARRIS (left) and Nola Dickson point their toes for teacher Rhonda Russell, who started a ballet school at 18.

SKI FASHION AND FUN GO TO

• Fashions by Norma Tullo, from Hordern Bros., Sydney.



CASUAL after-ski shapes with a 1962 twist: red wool pleated skirt (at left) teams with a dark-stripe blazer sparked at the neck with a matching red scarf. Above: Sleeveless red shift worn with matching wool pants — aren't they fun? — goes happily with a very feminine frill-trimmed blouse of white corduroy.

GETHER

These frolicking new-season outfits are designed to wear while skiing and afterwards. Today's ski-trappings — warm, hard-wearing, and glamorous — have come a long way from Bavarian mountain climbers, are now slicked into amusing fashion shapes in incandescent colors.

OUR COVER: This year's spotted look in genuinely non-zoo ocelot fur (fabric), fashioned into a snappy hip-long jacket and cap and a slinky shift cinched at the waist and brightly accented with red.

BELOW: Snow-white look in a glamorous bundle-up jacket of soft wool with matching hat (good for town as well as snow country). Tapered ski-pants are dark blue.



ON THE snow slopes (above) stretch ski-pants (left) with broad-striped jacket and short, pretend-leather coat are topped with black fur-fabric ski-helmet. Stretch ski-pants (at right) with tiny-hip look have matching ski-hat and bulky tapestry-pattern parka that pulls on.

ATTENTION - GETTERS (left) for dinner-time at a ski-lodge (or at home any winter's night). Gold brocade shirt (far left), tailored, tied at the neck, worn with tapered velvet pants. Lovely blue velvet ensemble (right) has a dazzle of pearls and blue crystals sewn at the high, rounded neckline.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Tell your parents

"I HAVE been having threatening telephone calls which have been getting me in trouble with my parents. The callers just say nasty things and when I ask who it is, they hang up. They ring up at least five times a day and now I dread answering the phone."

T.B., W.A.

Get your parents to tell the police about it. It is a job for them.

Don't light up

"WHEN offered a cigarette at the age of 15, do you think we should accept? We are two very attractive girls of 15 who have been going steady with two boys of 16 who smoke heavily. The other night they both offered us a cigarette and we accepted and quite enjoyed it. Do people get cancer through smoking? Our parents do not know we had a cigarette."

"Smokers," S.A.

I don't think you should accept a cigarette at 15 or at any age, until you are old enough to know and realise

what you are starting. Cigarette smoking is bad for you, expensive, and these days it is square to smoke—teenagers who are on the ball don't.

Girls who don't smoke are much more attractive than girls who do. They don't smell like something out of a smoke-house, their teeth are whiter, their breath is sweeter, and they have more money in their purses. And they are healthier.

Whether smoking causes cancer is not yet proved. A great many doctors believe smoking does cause cancer, a great many believe it probably causes cancer, but all are of the opinion that a human being who doesn't smoke is healthier than one who does.

Heal the breach

"I AM very much in love with a boy I once went steady with, but broke it off when he went out with another girl when we had been going together for 18 months. Now, 12 months later, his sister, who is a friend of mine, rings me up and tells me he still loves me and wants me back. We are 75 miles apart and haven't seen each other

for six months. He is 23 and I'm 20. Could you please help me?"

"Confused," N.S.W.

Of course I can help you. Ring his sister and tell her you want him back just as badly as he wants you, then wait and see what happens.

Men are really much shyer than women when it comes to situations like this, and he probably feels that he couldn't approach you again unless he knows you feel the same way as he does. When he knows you do, he'll get in touch, but quick.

Ring now and live happily ever after.

It's all off

"MY ex-fiancee and I were engaged for about five months when she decided to break it off because she said she had never loved me. I told her to keep the ring as I had given it to her in good faith and because it was of no use to me. She said she had to return it because as long as she held it she was still engaged to me. Is she correct? What should be done about the engagement ring in such a case?"

"Doubtful," N.S.W.

She is not still engaged to you. She has broken off the agreement you had to marry, and it remains broken whether or not she returns the ring you gave her. I think she should give the ring back to you. If she keeps it, it will only be a painful reminder of an unhappy time in her life.

When you get it back, sell it and put the money in the bank toward the day when you buy another one.

Engagement rings are the public sign of private devotion and sometimes these days girls take the devotion as read and settle for a refrigerator or something for their new home.

This may sound funny, but in this tough world it really is practical if you feel that way. Personally, I feel a broken emotional relationship should be tidied up in the most practical way. I think the best way to do this in your case is the way I have suggested.

Give girls away

"I AM still at school doing matriculation and have been going steady for several months with a girl of 16, who is working. I am 17. We are deeply attracted to each other. I receive £1 a week allowance, but now I cannot work Saturday morning, because of coming coaching classes, which cuts my income. With money earned last Christmas, I have bought a car, which I am doing up. With my reduced income and added liabilities, should my steady help pay her way on dates, as it is extremely difficult to take her out as much as she wishes?"

"Sandy," N.S.W.

I don't think your steady should pay her way, unless she asks you to take her somewhere special and then she should pay for both of you.

You can't saddle her with extra expense because you have bought a car. The plain fact of the matter is that you can't afford your car and a steady girl-friend. You knew this when you bought it.

With a matriculation exam ahead of you, coaching and a car to do up, you have little time and not enough money for girls in the year ahead. You should retire from the going-steady field for the year. You can always take a girl out casually occasionally and go places that are cheap and have a good time with little money.

I can't see how you can expect your present steady to help you pay for your car, which is what you are really wanting. You've got to make your choice—girl or machine, it's as plain as that.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Learn to talk

"WE are two girls aged 19 and 20. Both of us are blond and quite attractive, but when we are in male company we cannot make interesting conversation. What can we do?"

"Shy Tryers," N.S.W.

Read a newspaper thoroughly every day so you know what is going on in the world and have something to talk about, and buy yourselves a copy of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People." When you've bought it, read it and practise what it preaches, and you'll be right.

Two true!

"TELL me, please, in a hurry, which one of these statements is true? 1. When you love a boy you can say anything and everything to him and can tell him what you think. 2. When you love a boy you are always stuck for words and you can't let him know how you feel toward him."

"Confused," N.S.W.

They are both true, but No. 1 is truest. No. 2 happens frequently when you are young, shy, and don't know much about boys, but No. 1 takes over when you get to know your love longer and better.

Fringe benefits

"I AM worried about my hairstyle. I am 13 and wear glasses. I have had three razor cuts, but they don't seem to make my hair any better. Mother suggested a fringe. Do you think it would be suitable for a girl wearing glasses?"

"Bright Eyes," Qld.

Bangs and spectacles get along fairly well together as long as you make a point of keeping your browline clear. In other words, be sure that your fringe or bangs are high and curled; brush them well up on your brow or to one side, leaving a well-cleared space between your eyebrows and your specs.

Brush him off

"UNTIL a month ago, I had been going steady with a boy, but since then he has been living in another State. I have written him many long letters, but he has not replied. I sent him quite an expensive Christmas present, but received nothing but a curt note of thanks. Could you please tell me if I should visit him when I go through his town on my holidays? I'm sure I still love him."

"Wondering," Qld.

It doesn't sound as if he still loves you, which makes it a highly unsatisfactory love affair. Why not call the whole thing off mentally now? If you could stand the strain and pain, you could call on the way through and check whether it is right or not.

I think it is right; I think he's given you the brush-off.

Lucky 13

"I AM a girl of 13 and nearly every afternoon I talk on the station and travel home in the train with a boy of the same age. We only talk about school and interesting things that have happened during the day. Do you think it is all right to carry on this relationship?"

"Wondering," S.A.

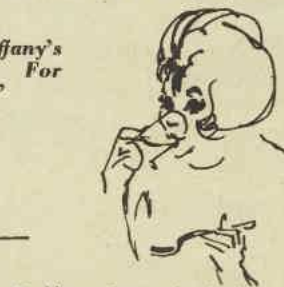
Certainly.

TABLE MANNERS MEAT COURSE (4)

● From "Tiffany's Table Manners For Teenagers."



● Never wipe your mouth with one hand while holding a knife or fork in the other.



● Never keep the fork in the left hand while drinking water.



● Do not hold the knife and fork in this position when you are talking. It looks most unattractive.



● You may talk with your knife and fork in your hands, but don't wave them around in the air. The knife should never be raised more than a few inches above the plate. Remember this rule and you'll never get caught with the knife in your mouth.

Three diets you can manage

THE older teen-girl who wants to lose a few pounds' weight can almost always do so by eating slightly less food or by eating differently. However, diets are no use unless you can do them without disrupting your daily life.

These three simple and easy diets all claim to be manageable—choose the one you like best . . .

ONE-DAY BEAUTY DIET: This is an excellent occasional antidote to too much eating out, too many puddings, the unpleasant feeling of "fatness" and fatigue from which almost everyone, young and old, suffers at one time or another.

Its value lies in its extreme simplicity.
Breakfast: Sliced orange or half grapefruit with black coffee or milkless tea. **Lunch:** Grated carrot and cottage cheese salad sprinkled with lemon juice. **Dinner:** A medium-sized dish of spinach cooked with the minimum of water, fresh fruit salad and yoghurt, small black coffee. **Between meals:** Choice of any fresh fruit, if hungry, except bananas. **At bedtime:** Glass of fruit juice.

TWO-DAY DIET: Easy to follow and satisfying, this diet shows quick results if you stick to it exactly. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner are the same, varied only by your choice of fruit or salad vegetable.

You have: 4oz. cottage cheese, 1 or 2 pieces of fresh fruit (apple, orange, peach, half grapefruit, two or three plums or apricots, no bananas) OR a piece of fruit with a salad vegetable (tomato, slices of cucumber, stick of celery, portion of lettuce with salt and pepper); dressing can be orange or lemon juice, no salad cream.

With this you can have one or two slices of starch-reduced bread or crispbread, lightly buttered; tea or coffee, without sugar, with or without milk. Between meals, half an apple or small stick of celery.

Note: Fruit and vegetables set in gelatine will add bulk to diet without fattening.

Eat nothing more and nothing less for two days. Weight loss can be up to 5lb. Do not attempt more than once in each month.

Whatever your diet, two pints of fluid a day are needed, apart from what you get in foods.

HOME-MIXED LIQUID DIET: Many people find that a liquid-only day once a week or every ten days is the simplest and most effective way to diet. Nature-cure enthusiasts swear by fruit juices, with, perhaps, one drink at bedtime made from yeast extract. Here are easy suggestions for liquid meals:

1: Tomato juice and bouillon—half cup of each, hot or cold. 2: Egg-nog—cup of milk, an egg, vanilla or nutmeg flavoring—sweetened with sugar substitute of some kind. 3: Yoghurt and tomato juice—half cup of each flavored with onion salt. 4: Clear soup with two teaspoonfuls of powdered gelatine added.

By Carolyn Earle



WRITHING TO THE OCCASION!

● Light-fantastic fans received a shock recently when it was suggested that their latest craze is Ancient Twistory.

IN LONDON, Valerie Clemson-Young claimed she had demonstrated a dance called, even then, The Twist to English Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin in 1928.

Historians went one-two-three better and reckoned that The Twist had been danced in the 15th century.

These revelations don't astound me. The names of many other dances suggest that they, too, have historical links.

Take your partners, and let's see what I mean . . .

For instance, wasn't St. Patrick, when he got rid of snakes from the Emerald Isle, the Pride of Erin?

And, of course, the snakes knew the jig was up!

The discovery of whisky long ago, too, saw the first Scottish Reel.

In my book, dance tempo now fugits to Elizabethan England where they had torrid Latin-American steps.

You know, Spanish arm ardor! Even in Aesop's Fables there is mention of a popular modern dance. Didn't the grape-seeking fox have a bad trot?

The Roman Emperor Nero fiddled while Rome burned (crazy, man, crazy!)—perhaps his was the music for the first burn dance!

Another dance was similarly started during the Great Fire of London, in the 17th century. They called it the char-char.

And it could have been an exasperated dance instructor who implored Dick Whittington to "turn again."

Rude boys who have the hide to just grab a girl for a dance are nothing new. Surely it's an old habit—the Gaul to Caesar!

There's talk, of course, that The Twist is "out" in favor of a new dance, The Slop. "New"? Not on your sweet life.

Apparently, it was the rage in Shakespeare's days. Didn't he write, "To Slop, perchance to dream . . . ?"

Those intrepid seamen the Vikings founded another very popular dance.

Surely, modern musicians and hep-cats merely copied the motions of the Vikings' boats (you might say, took a Leif out of Ericsson's book!) to create rock-n-roll.

In dancing, the ancients often did things on a far grander scale than we do today.

How can our wall-flowers compare with the Hanging Gardens of Babylon!

Ancient though all the dances I've mentioned might be, there's still one that really takes the cakewalk for age . . .

A caveman said to a She: "May I have the pleasure?" And hit her on the head with his club.

Bop!

—Robin Adair

Geometric forms

20. CUBISM. (Early 20th century.)

CUBISM, which evolved about 1907 or 1908, was probably the most revolutionary movement in art since the Italian Renaissance.

One of the greatest painters of the form was Pablo Picasso, who was born in Malaga, Spain, in 1881. Picasso was not alone in his discovery of this pictorial language—Braque was with him all the way, and painters such as Leger and Gris adopted the new theories.

Cubism was based on a new theory of space, which, in its turn, was based on a new vision of reality. Picasso said, "You paint not what you see, but what you know is there."

The Cubists started to break down whatever they were painting into geometrical, facet-like forms—this can be seen in the painting reproduced at right.

As you can see, there is very little emphasis on color, and the body almost disappears under the patterned surface. However, it has been said that this is a very good portrait

of the subject. In Cubism it is not uncommon to show two aspects of the subject at the same time.

Picasso's father was an art teacher, and this artistic background assisted in the young artist's early development. Always a precocious child, he drew superbly when he was 15.

His early years were divided between Barcelona and Paris. The Frenchman Toulouse Lautrec, with his cruel comments on the society of the time, attracted him.

Picasso's restless disposition drove him to work out all his artistic influences to their logical conclusion. Some of the different phases of his work at this time were the Blue Period, followed by the Rose Period, and then the Negro Period, at a time when he was influenced by African negro sculpture.

In 1904, Picasso went to live in Paris permanently, meeting men who supported him in his beliefs.

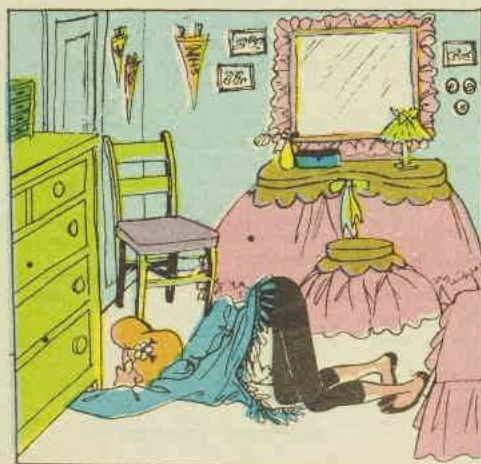
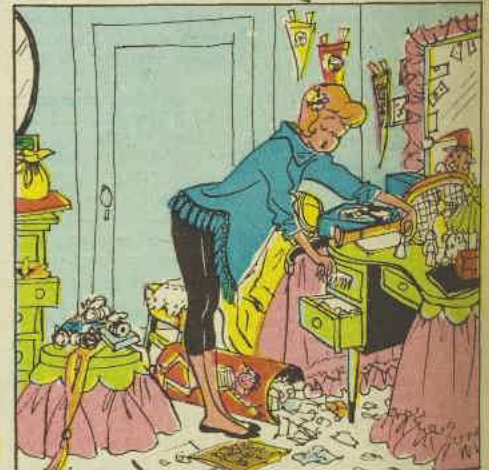
His capacity for invention, a most important part of all Picasso painting, has never left him. He is still creating with great power.

NEXT WEEK: Abstract art.



"PORTRAIT OF VOLLARD," Picasso. Hermitage Museum, Leningrad.

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

Singer's brother is a budding composer

● If Barry Stanton hadn't pensioned off his old guitar when he went on to TV, and replaced it with one that looked better, his younger brother Rod would never have written "Beggin' On My Knees."

ROD, a self-taught pianist, began to strum on Barry's old instrument, persuaded his elder brother to give him some lessons—and next thing found he was making up tunes.

His first recorded composition, "Beggin' On My Knees," sung by Barry, was for three weeks on top of the Australian hit parade, and stayed in the Top 40 for more than three months.

Where does he get the talent from? Eighteen-year-old Rod (almost a double for his husky, famous elder brother) doesn't know, and can only suggest that it might come from a grandfather who is said to have played the zither.

Anyway, there seem to be plenty more tunes in his head, and he's written both sides of Barry's new single, "Back In Your Arms" and "For Now And Always," a slow, Hawaiian-type number.

Though he has a daytime job in the Forestry Commission office, Rod manages to do a bit of singing at night, and has been working lately with the R-Jays.

He's a speedway fan, loves listening to music (classical, too), admires Don Gibson and Ray Charles, spends a lot of time with Barry, is good pals with Sandy Davis and Jerry J. Wilder, and would like to follow Barry into a full-time show business career.

LATER this month those immensely successful ambassadors of Australian song the Le Garde Twins, Tom and Ted, will be back for a three-month tour of all States. They'll be doing TV, radio, and club work. In the U.S. the twins have palled-up with the fabulous Colonel Parker, mastermind of the Presley career. Tom



Rod Stanton

and Ted have just completed an 18-day, 6000-mile tour of Canada with **Hank Snow**, and have cut a new disc.

ON the move again after a fortnight's holiday with her family in a cottage at Terrigal, N.S.W., **Noeleen Batley** is now mid-way through a tour of northern N.S.W. with **Bryan Davies**, **Kevin Todd**, **Jimmy Little**, and the **Dave Bridge Quartet**. She's wearing both pretty cottons and ballerinas on stage, and took three swimsuits to Terrigal, two bikinis and a one-piece.

Her most recent release is "Noeleen Batley's Big Four" (Festival EP), with "Tammy," "Barefoot Boy," "Rendezvous," and "Ice-Cream Man."

Local talent: Imagine **Brian Henderson's** "Bandstand" with **Col Joye**, **Johnny O'Keefe**, **Noeleen Batley**, **Johnny Devlin**, **Lucky Starr**, **Jimmy Little**, **Dig Richards**, **Warren Williams**, **Patty Markham**, and the **Joy Boys** all on the same edition! That's the line-up on "Bandstand" (Festival LP). Brian's there, too, as compere.

THE songs good old **Slim Dusty** offers in "Along the Road to Song" (Columbia LP) are all as typically Australian as the bushranger on the jacket. Slim wrote most of them, and his wife, **Joy**, who's featured in his touring shows, joins him in one of the numbers.

ORIGINALLY the **Lonnie Lee** backing team, **The Leemen**, struck gold last year with their "Johnny Guitar" instrumental. It's the lead track of a **Leedon EP**, "The Leemen With Voices." Other tracks are "High Noon," "Hucklebuck," and

"Jumbo." The voices are pretty much in the background, and it's a mainly instrumental disc.

BY now **Bryan Davies** must have about a billion fans, so anything he does is going to interest a lot of people. There are a couple of especially interesting things, however, about his new record. The big side, "Twistin' and Twirlin'" is a local composition by fellow-singer **Jay Justin** and **Joe Halford**. The flip, "Slicin' Sand Twist" (this is a really wild one), is the **Elvis** song from "Blue Hawaii," with specially written new lyrics. Incidentally, Bryan was the first guest on Brisbane TV's new "Teen Time" interview show. While he was in the north he also made appearances on "Swinging School," the show that makes visiting Sydney singers feel right at home.

Pops: **Belafonte** fanatics will go through the roof, but if you aren't one of these you'll probably get a huge kick out of the **Frank Slay** orchestra's exciting instrumental version of "Havah Nagila," retitled "Flying Circle." It's a disc that's different in every way. The flip, "Cincinnati," gets a sort of rocky, twangy Scottish reel treatment that has to be heard to be believed.

A LOVELY, romantic melody, "Joey Baby" (R.C.A. 45), is exceptionally well handled by a two-men-and-a-girl group with the crazy name of **Anita And Th' So-and-So's**. This side's mostly Anita, with a lovely, subdued backing. The **So-and-So's** get busy with "Rinky Tinky Rhythm." It's just like its title, rinky tinky.

Show tunes: A new idea that could catch on for show tune LPs is being tried out by **R.C.A. Camden**. **Rodgers** and **Hammerstein's** "Sound of Music" is on one side, and there's "Flower Drum Song" on the other. American **Florence Henderson** is the sweet-voiced singer heard with orchestra and chorus.

Operetta: Australian **June Bronhill** heads the Sadler's Wells cast that gives a sparkling performance of Offenbach's lively and melodious "La Vie Parisienne" on an H.M.V. LP. Other star roles are sung by **Eric Shilling** and **Anna Pollak**. The operetta's sung in English.

From Bill Wilson, in New York

● Although he once had the dirt of New York's Lincoln Tunnel under his fingernails—as a laborer he helped dig it—**Warren Beatty**, 24 (pin-up overleaf), has become the most exciting young man in Hollywood.

Hollywood's latest idol

COMBINING the moody mannerisms of **James Dean** and the smouldering good looks of **Montgomery Clift**, **Warren** is an arrogant, attractive, bright, blushing, sensitive, stuttering, ambitious, self-conscious actor of enormous talent, who has played nothing but leading roles in major films.

Six months ago nobody had heard of him. But after his performance (with **Natalie Wood**) as one of the high-school lovers in "Splendor in the Grass," and as a young Italian gigolo in Tennessee Williams' "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (with **Vivien Leigh**), top directors in Hollywood are calling him far and away the best of the new young leading men.

Warren whirled to the position of Hollywood leading man so fast his head is still spinning.

"I'm myself"

The younger brother of actress **Shirley MacLaine**, intelligent, tall (6ft. 1in.) **Warren** has dark, tousled hair and blue-green, nearsighted eyes. Off-screen he frequently wears heavy-rimmed glasses—"I'm always breaking them"—and resembles **James Dean** most with his glasses on.

"It would be nice if people would quit saying I'm like **Jimmy Dean** or **Marlon Brando**. I'm myself," he complained, however.

He didn't want success as "another **James Dean**." He was just as adamant about riding on big sister **Shirley's** success. He insists on sticking with his own name. **Shirley** made it under a variation of their mother's maiden name—**MacLean**.

Warren grew up in the southern State of **Virginia** where, as the top football player for his high school, he developed a taste for being treated as a star. He was a good enough footballer to get offers of scholarships from 10 universities.

He rejected them all. "I used to worry about getting my teeth kicked in," he said.

So he studied speech and dramatics at university.

After six months on the campus, **Warren** was bored, dropped out, and drifted to New York. He found a job as a sandhog (tunnel laborer) on the new tube of the Lincoln tunnel joining New York and New Jersey. There he was even more bored.

Rave notices

He is a good pianist and an adequate singer and he put those talents to work in a New York cocktail lounge to save enough money for an acting course at a studio.

After six months at the studio, he won a screen test with director **Joshua Logan**.

With **Logan's** recommendation, **Warren** found a part in a Broadway play—**William Inge's** "A Loss of Roses." The play flopped but didn't sink without trace. Powerful critic **Kenneth Tynan** singled out **Warren's** performance and noted his talent.

Meanwhile, playwright **Inge** was working on a script for director **Elia Kazan**, to be called "Splendor in the Grass." **Inge** suggested **Warren** for the lead, alongside **Natalie Wood**.

When the reviews and box-office receipts came in both **Inge** and **Kazan** had reason to congratulate themselves on their choice of leading man.

While **Warren** was working on "Splendor," he and **Natalie Wood** became close friends, and his long romance with English actress **Joan Collins** faded.

After "Splendor in the Grass" was made **Warren** read the script of Tennessee Williams' "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," and went after the leading part.

"Williams didn't think I could play an Italian," **Warren** said, "and that I looked too much like the all-American boy. So I flew down to Jamaica where he was staying and tried to convince him. I dressed up like a gigolo and he said okay."

The film opened last month in New York and the critics repeated their former acclaim for young **Warren**.

Warren has completed one other film, "All Fall Down," which has not yet been released. In it, he plays alongside **Eva Marie Saint**, who has extravagant praise for **Warren**.

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 21, 1962

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**WARREN
BEATTY**

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 21, 1962



● Modern refrigeration and freezing equipment make it possible for inland as well as coastal districts to enjoy the luxury of shellfish.

SHELLFISH

A SELECTION OF SHELLFISH dishes served with a well-seasoned mayonnaise makes an appetising and attractive centrepiece for a special occasion buffet meal. Recipes for interesting hot appetiser and entree dishes made with shellfish are given in this feature.

IF fresh shellfish is not obtainable, most of the recipes in this feature can be made with canned substitutes. Other variations can be made by substituting prawns for lobster, crab for prawns, etc., if desired. Economy can also be practised by mixing some cooked, flaked white flesh of such fish as leatherjacket, cod, or bream to make up the required quantity of lobster or crab in a recipe.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all the recipes. Quantities are sufficient to serve 5 or 6 persons.

SCALLOPS MEUNIÈRE

One pound Tasmanian scallops, water, lemon juice or white wine, 4oz. mushrooms, 3oz. butter, 3 tomatoes (shredded), 4 shallots (chopped finely), 1 tablespoon capers, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Place scallops in saucepan, cover with water, add a little lemon juice or white wine. Simmer over heat 5 minutes; drain. Divide between 4 or 5 well-greased ramekin dishes. Slice mushrooms into quarters, sauté in half the butter until tender, add tomatoes, cook few minutes longer. Spoon over scallops in ramekin dishes, season lightly. Heat remaining butter in pan,

allow to brown, then add chopped shallots, capers, parsley, and little lemon juice; mix lightly, pour over each ramekin. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Serve piping-hot.

CHINESE LOBSTER

Quarter-ounce waterlily shoots, 1oz. dried mushrooms, 2oz. bamboo shoots, 2oz. water chestnuts, 1 small onion, small piece fresh ginger, 1 dessertspoon dry sherry, 2 tablespoons oil, 2lb. fresh lobster meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, sprinkle monosodium glutamate, 1 dessertspoon cornflour (blended with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water).

Soak waterlily shoots and mushrooms in warm water 15 minutes. Pour off water, squeeze mushrooms dry. Slice mushrooms, bamboo shoots, waterlily shoots, water chestnuts, and onion. Crush ginger, mix with sherry. Heat oil in pan, add lobster meat (cut into pieces) and sherry-ginger mixture. Sauté few minutes, then add all vegetables and water; simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in monosodium glutamate. Blend cornflour with water, stir into mixture, cook until thickened, stirring constantly, simmer 1 minute. Serve very hot.

CRAB DE LUXE

One pound crab meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, 1 cup water, 1 onion, 1 piece celery, 1 bayleaf, few peppercorns, salt, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, cayenne pepper, 3 tablespoons cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated parmesan cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, extra 1 tablespoon butter, parsley.

Place crab meat in pan with wine and water, onion (sliced), celery (chopped), bayleaf, peppercorns, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Bring quickly to boil, remove from heat; drain. Reserve liquid. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in reserved stock, salt, little cayenne pepper. Stir until mixture boils, mix in cream, half the grated cheese, crab meat, and seasonings. Fill into well-greased ramekin dishes, sprinkle tops with breadcrumbs and remaining cheese, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned or grill under hot griller. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

HOT OYSTER ROLLS

Three dozen oysters, 1 lemon, pepper, 1lb. tomatoes, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. onions, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, salt, 6 small bread rolls, extra butter.

Drain oysters, remove beards, sprinkle with lemon juice and pepper; set aside. Remove skins from tomatoes, chop roughly. Sauté finely chopped onions and garlic in melted butter, add tomatoes and tomato paste; simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Add salt and pepper to taste. Scoop centre from each bread roll, spread inside with extra butter. Pile alternate layers of oysters and tomato mixture into rolls, place in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve as entree or supper dish.

As an alternative to bread rolls use even-sized potatoes which have been baked in their jackets until cooked but still firm.

Continued overleaf



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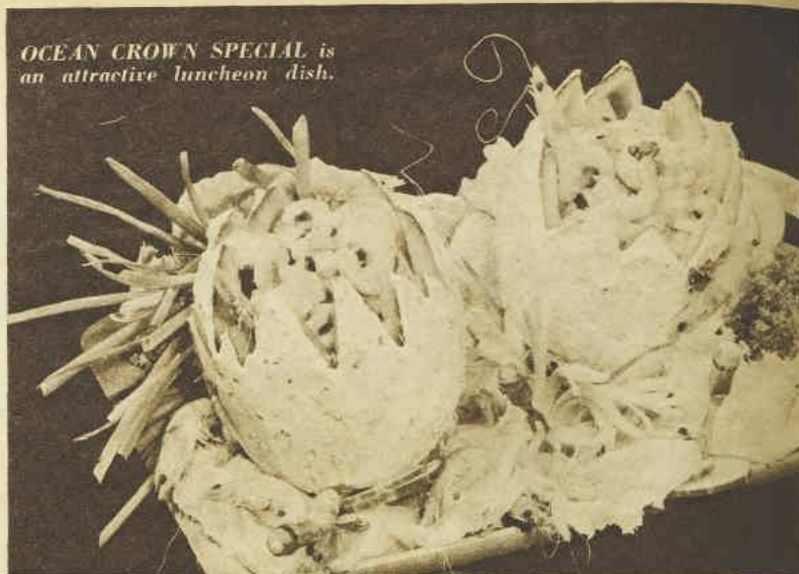
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OCEAN CROWN SPECIAL is
an attractive luncheon dish.



SHELLFISH . . . Continued from previous page

OCEAN CROWN SPECIAL

Two large rockmelons, 1lb. cottage cheese, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, 1lb. shelled prawns (reserve a few whole prawns for garnish), 1 bottle oysters (drained), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, extra 1 cup mayonnaise, extra 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, cayenne pepper, salad greens.

Cut small slice off top of each rockmelon, carefully remove outer skin and seeds. Scoop centre flesh into balls with melon-baller; reserve. Serrate edge of each melon and chill. Combine cheese, salt, pepper, and parsley and beat well. Gradually beat in mayonnaise until mixture is smooth and easy to spread. Coat outsides of each rockmelon with this mixture, chill well. Mix rockmelon balls with prawns, oysters, lemon juice, tomato sauce, mayonnaise, and parsley; season with salt, pepper, and few grains of cayenne pepper. Fill into prepared shells. Serve on a bed of lettuce, arrange salad greens round edge, garnish with whole prawns.

MUSHROOM AND OYSTER ENTREE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1lb. small whole mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 dozen oysters (drained), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, 1 tablespoon brandy.

Melt butter or substitute in heavy pan, add whole washed and dried mushrooms, cook briskly a few minutes. Add seasonings, cover, and continue cooking about 10 minutes, tossing several times. Add oysters, milk, and stock, cover, and bring to boil. Add brandy and serve immediately.

DEVILLED SCALLOPS

One pound scallops, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, pinch salt and cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 2-3rds pint milk, 1 cup bread-crumbs.

Chop scallops, place in well-greased oven-proof dish. Cream the butter with mustard, season with salt, pepper, and sauce. Dot this over the scallops. Add milk, sprinkle all over with the bread-crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Serve hot.

SUPREME OYSTER COCKTAIL

Quarter pint tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. cream, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, little salt, dash tabasco sauce, pinch paprika, 3 dozen oysters, lettuce leaves, lemon wedges.

Prepare sauce: Combine tomato sauce, whipped cream, worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, salt, paprika, and tabasco; mix lightly. Chill until just before serving. Place crisp lettuce-cup in six grapefruit glasses, spoon in little sauce, add 5 or 6 oysters to each, and top with a little more sauce. Serve chilled with lemon wedges to garnish.

MUSSEL SOUP

One ounce butter or substitute, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 2 leeks (using the white part only, finely chopped), 1 stick celery (finely chopped), 1oz. flour, 2 pints milk, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, 2 cups mussels (strained free of liquid), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream or top milk.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add onion, leek, and celery, and saute gently 5 minutes. Stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk and seasonings. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens, then simmer 10 minutes. Add strained mussels and cream or top milk, reheat gently without boiling. Serve piping-hot.

PRAWNS A LA FRANCINE

Two dozen prawns in shells, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped shallots, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup white wine, 3 tablespoons drawn butter (see note below), hot fluffy rice.

Place the drawn butter into pan, allow to heat. Add prawns, onion, curry powder, allow to simmer 5 minutes. Add garlic and shallots, cook 3 minutes. Add wine and parsley, cover, and simmer gently 5 minutes. Spoon on to bed of hot fluffy rice; serve immediately. The prawns are picked up in the fingers and shelled at the table.

Note: Drawn butter is that which has been melted and allowed to stand so all salt residue settles to bottom of pan and the oil only is skimmed off and used. When reheated, the butter can reach higher temperatures without burning.

AVOCADO PRAWN MOULD

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt, pepper, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil, 1 egg-white, 1 cup diced avocado pear, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped chives or parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped prawns, few whole prawns for garnish, lettuce.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, stir until well mixed. Add mustard and water, stir until sauce boils and thickens, cook 3 minutes. Stir in softened gelatine, vinegar, onion, and garlic; season with salt and pepper. Cool. Beat egg-yolk in small basin, gradually add oil; beat briskly until very thick. When mustard sauce begins to thicken, add egg-yolk mixture and fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, avocado pear, celery, chives, and prawns. Fill into wetted or lightly oiled mould; chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish on bed of crisp lettuce, garnish with whole prawns.

CRAB THERMIDOR

One pound cooked crabmeat, 1oz. chopped mushrooms, 1 red pepper, 1 large tomato (peeled and chopped), 4 shallots (finely chopped), 1oz. butter, 4oz. cream or evaporated milk, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, bread-crumbs, little butter, lemon wedges for garnish.

Remove spines from crabmeat, combine with mushrooms, chopped pepper, tomato, and shallots, cook in heated butter 10 minutes. Add cream, cook 5 minutes longer. Fold in chopped parsley, season with salt and pepper to taste. Pile into crab shells if available or into greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with bread-crumbs, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until bread-crumbs are browned. Garnish with lemon wedges, serve piping-hot.

LOBSTER AMERICAINE

One large lobster, 1 onion (chopped finely), 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy, 2 tomatoes, extra 1oz. butter, salt, pepper.

Cut lobster meat into chunks. Heat butter in pan, add onion, saute until golden color. Add lobster chunks, toss over heat 5 minutes, add wine and brandy, cook further 3 minutes. Peel and quarter tomatoes, add to pan, simmer further 15 minutes. Remove lobster to serving-dish, keep hot, simmer sauce until reduced to half the volume. Blend butter with lobster coral, add to sauce; season. Pour sauce over lobster, serve piping-hot.

NEXT WEEK: Vegetables in fancy dress

Prize awarded for dessert

● A Victorian reader wins the £5 main prize this week in our recipe contest for an unusual orange-and-lemon-flavored dessert.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for a boned leg of lamb stuffed with a tasty savory mixture and served with vegetable rice, creamy almond-flavored ice-cream, and cooked tongues served with a piquant ginger sauce.

All spoon measurements are level.

ORANGE AND LEMON CUPS

Nine or ten oranges, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 3 eggs (separated), 6oz. castor sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, 6 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 pint whipped sweetened cream, glacé cherries.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Beat egg-yolks with the sugar until creamy, add rind and juice of lemon. Pour hot water on to gelatine, stir until dissolved and add to beaten egg-yolks, mixing thoroughly. Whip egg-whites until stiff, fold in the lemon mixture gently. Leave to set a little. Cut about 1/4 off top of each orange. Serrate edge of larger part, remove fruit and pith. Cut fruit into small pieces. Fill the empty cases with layer of the lemon mixture, then layer of orange, finishing with lemon and piling up high. Decorate with rosettes of whipped sweetened cream and a cherry. Chill before serving.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Elliott, 76 King Street, Hamilton, Vic.

PINEAPPLE AND ALMOND STUFFED LAMB

One leg of lamb, fat for frying, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 rashers bacon (chopped), 1/2 cup finely chopped celery, 1 onion (chopped), 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup drained crushed pineapple, 1oz. chopped almonds, 1 dessertspoon chopped fresh sage or 1/2 teaspoon dried, 1/2 teaspoon mace, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 egg, vegetables as desired.

Have the butcher remove bones from leg of lamb. Trim meat and prepare stuffing. Heat butter in saucepan, sauté bacon, celery, and onion until lightly browned. Add to the breadcrumbs, pineapple, almonds, sage, mace, lemon rind, and seasonings. Bind with beaten egg. Spread stuffing on to the meat, roll up and secure with fine string or coarse thread. Brown meat in hot fat, then cover and bake in moderate oven until tender. Add vegetables during last hour of cooking time. Serve piping-hot accompanied by baked vegetables, gravy from pan drippings, and the following rice.

Vegetable Rice: Combine in well-greased casserole 1/2 cup uncooked rice, 1 cup finely chopped onion, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1 cup diced or grated carrot, 1 cup drained sweet whole kernel corn, 3 cups stock (chicken if available), and a little salt and pepper. Cover, cook in moderate oven about 1 hour or until rice has absorbed all liquid, stirring occasionally.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Turevics, Gympie Bay P.O., N.S.W.

BURNED ALMOND ICE-CREAM

Three-quarters cup almonds, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 cups milk, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon cornflour, extra 1/2 cup milk, 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla essence, 1 cup whipped cream.

Place almonds in saucepan of water and bring to boil, drain and remove skins. Place in shallow tin, brown in hot oven about 10 minutes. When cold put through mincer or chop finely. Melt sugar slowly in saucepan, cook until light caramel color. Heat milk in saucepan, add caramel, stir until dissolved. Blend salt and cornflour with extra milk, stir into caramel mixture, cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and almonds, turn into freezing-trays and freeze until mushy. Remove from trays, beat until just smooth, fold in whipped cream, and return to trays. Freeze until firm.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Lyons, 32 Livingstone Street, Burwood, N.S.W.

TONGUE WITH GINGER SAUCE

Three or four pounds cooked ox tongue or canned sheep's tongues, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 onion (sliced), juice 1 orange and 1 tablespoon orange rind cut in thin lengths, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 teaspoon powdered cinnamon, pinch ground cloves, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1/2 cup ginger snap crumbs, salt, pepper.

Combine in saucepan the water, vinegar, sugar, onion, orange juice and rind, raisins, cinnamon, and cloves; heat 5

minutes. Melt butter or substitute, blend in ginger snap crumbs, and add this mixture to the hot liquid. Stir and simmer 5 minutes. Taste, and add salt and pepper as needed. Arrange slices of tongue in ovenproof dish and pour over the prepared sauce. Cover and bake in moderate oven until thoroughly heated through (about 15 to 20 minutes). Serve.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Howard, 87 Auckland St., Gladstone, Qld.



● Orange and lemon cases. See recipe.

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ONE MOTHER'S STORY

By
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To have no money
Isn't funny.
How long the day,
How grey the way!
I think that I
Shall bake a pie
And fill the crust with wondrous things,
With thisledown — a child that sings,
An Annie Oakley suit — but no,
How can I when I've got no dough?

Debbie rides a pony,
Rosemary a bike,
Elizabeth a scooter,
Jeremy a trike;
Vicki has a dinky
(Which she can't ride yet)
And Nicholas lies dreaming
In his bassinet.

Six little babies one by one
Are six little toddlers full of fun.
Six little faces off to school,
Six little minds learn the Golden Rule;
Six little mischiefs with grimy hands
Wearing caps or hats-with-bands;
Learning to swim and ride and skate,
Big doing science while small counts to eight.
The time goes past, grows fast my hoard,
For all this wealth I thank Thee, Lord.

Six tigers prowling
Are children at play
Beside six children growling
On a rainy holiday.

The washerwoman drives the car
And cooks the meals and mends the rents.
The chauffeur puzzles through the bills
And quiets little malcontents.
Economist becomes a nurse
Then helps with sums and clears the table
Or settles arguments — and worse —
Remains quite calm (that's when she's able);
The washerwoman drives the car,
Today that's what our mothers are.

When can I wear nylons, Mum?
Why can't I have a perm?
Jane's allowed use lipstick —
I must have stockings for next term.
Who pinched all my comics?
Just you wait, you little rat!
Does my hair look neat like
this, Mum.
Or dreamier like that?

Ah, Deborah, my Debbie,
Tomorrow calls to you,
The iridescent bubble,
The diamond on the dew.
Not quite yet a teener,
Life holds no harsher fate
For an eager in-betweener
Who Just Can't Wait.

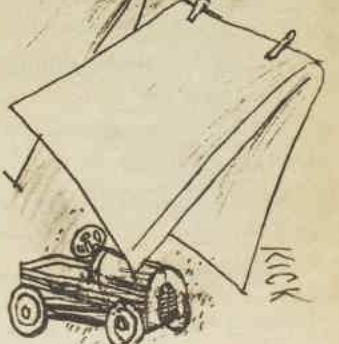
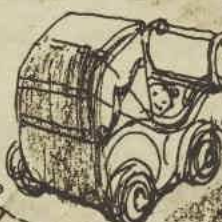
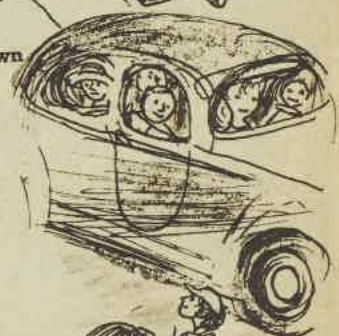
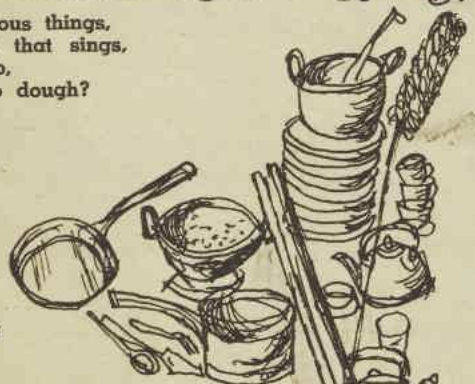
There was a day when all looked bleak,
I must — I will be free.
This tyranny, this deadly grind,
How can it be for me?
No day when everything gets done,
No peace, no respite and no fun.
A prisoner locked up in a cell
Knows leisure more than I.
He watches on a calendar
And sees the days pass by;
But mine they come, they go, and still
Around I go upon the mill.
(The end will come and when they're grown
How shall I face the days alone?)

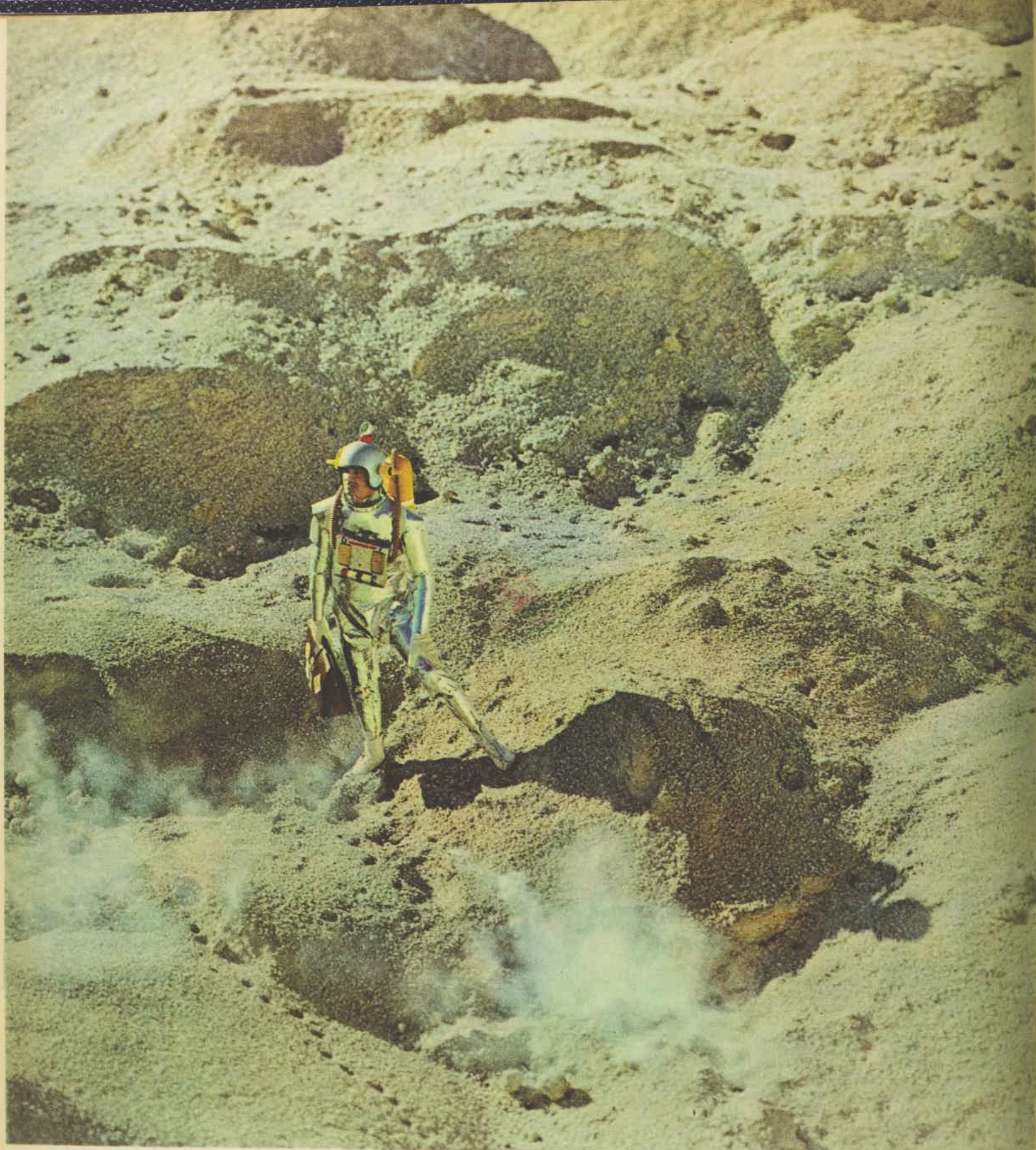
It's such a bore to wash your face
And clean your nails and say your grace,
And anyway, my daughter said,
Why can't I wear my clothes to bed?

They tell me that to keep my man
I must stay pretty, I must be witty.
My nails and clothes and face to groom,
And how to decorate a room.
BUT! With children fair right in my hair.
They don't tell me how I can.

Gretchen is a dachshund,
Gretchen's long and low;
A faithful semi-trailer,
She follows where I go.
She tolerates the toddler,
She watches by the pram.
She intimidates the tradesmen
— Gretchen is a lamb.

There was a time when I had dreams,
Where wonder was then I'd be there;
I'd be sophisticated, too,
With air so calm and charm so fair.
But never dared I dream a skill
So shining and magnificent
Nor ever hope that I'd fulfil
The longing of the innocent.
When parcel laden — low in pride —
With shabby clothes and hair a mess,
And tired face and beads to hide
Where Nick was sick on my best dress,
The trumpets sound as home I come,
The bugles blow — hey, kids, here's Mum.





Our Man in the Moon?

One of these fine days, the first men will be landing on the Moon and on Mars, Venus, Uranus and the rest. If there's the slightest chance of finding there any new ideas for home decoration, you can be sure that Our Man will be hot on their heels. As you see, he is already in training. But, for the present, Our Man finds this world wide enough. He roams wherever the four winds blow, tracking

down and capturing the best designs for Sanderson wallpapers and fabrics. Original designs, designs with imagination, designs that you can live with comfortably, year after year. Are his journeys really necessary? One look inside any Sanderson stockist's will convince you that they are. The choice of fabrics and papers is as wide as the world itself; and, if you can't find there just what you've always

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1962

ELASTOPLAST

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YARD
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1962

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● At an American Medical Association conference in Denver recently the United States' top eye specialists gave some revolutionary opinions on eye use which suggest that most of the things we have believed about our eyes are nothing more than old wives' tales.

WHEN I was a child I was forever being told that I would ruin my sight by reading in a poor light, by reading for so many hours at a time, by holding the book at the incorrect distance from my eyes and, above all, by reading lying down either flat on my back or flat on my stomach.

I used to argue (being an argumentative child) that if the book was right in front of my face, my eyes didn't mind a bit whether I was lying or sitting or standing on my head. Now the years have caught up with me, and I find myself nagging at Kay and Di for just the same reasons.

American Dr. Morris Kaplan says, "The best way for your child to keep his eyes healthy (whether or not he wears glasses) is to use them. The more he reads, the more he writes, the more he watches television, and the more he goes to the movies, the better it will be for his eyes."

Dr. Kaplan says it doesn't matter what distance the book is held from the face, nor whether the child is sitting down, lying down, or is upside down, or under the bed-covers.

He says, "I do not advocate that your child should read in the dark — it is obviously more comfortable and perhaps easier to read in adequate light — but it does no harm to the eyes. I would much prefer that your child read upside down in the dark than not read at all."

All this was received with great chorlles of approval by Diana, who still likes to read lying flat on her stomach on the floor, with the shadow of her own head cutting off most of the light from her book.

I only hope Dr. Kaplan's ideas are right.

How to keep warm and read in bed

ENGLISH newspapers have been having a silly-season controversy over the best methods of keeping warm while reading in bed.

This is a subject on which we have widely-divergent views. Hugh belongs to the grin-and-bear-it school and reads propped up with his hands and arms and shoulders freezing while grumbling because flannel night-shirts buttoning at the wrist are no longer worn.

Diana wears her biggest, sloppiest, and thickest sweater over diaphanous pyjamas, which keeps her warm while she's reading, but looks distinctly odd if she gets up for any reason.

Mike years ago lit on the rather odd solution of wearing his dressing-gown backwards and draped over the top of the bed-clothes. As he's more often found sitting up and fiddling with some mechanical gadget than reading, his back freezes, but he doesn't seem to notice that.

Some of the suggestions put forward by English newspaper readers were ingenious. The Bishop of Ripon suggested that confirmed readers-in-bed should learn braille so that the arms (and the book) could be

kept under the covers; someone else suggested slits in the bedclothes which could be closed, when not in use, with zips, buttons, or a handful of barley straw.

Another reader's solution was a ski cap, Shetland shawl, and mittens held in place with rubber bands. I'd never realised before what a problem all this must be for European readers-in-bed, where bedroom temperatures must be a lot lower than ours.

Country women have wide interests

I'VE had a letter from a country reader from Beaufort, Victoria, who is most incensed at my saying that "I'm beginning to understand why country people complain that their life keeps them out of touch with books and plays and pictures and what's going on in the world."

This is a seven-page letter, and a good one, and it's a pity that there isn't space for the whole of it. Here are some bits...

"Most country people realise that to listen to news more than once a day is to absorb subconsciously troubles from all over the world which cannot be dealt with personally and therefore lead to tensions which produce ills.

"... You will find the average country home well equipped with books from nursery rhymes upwards. There is more emphasis on this than on owning another piece of electrical equipment, which seems to be the goal of the average suburban woman.

"... A farmer's philosophies are well founded on experience, and to listen to a group of men when they have a discussion well and truly under way is to me, a former city typist, a never-ending source of education and humility.

"... No, Margaret, you cannot generalise. I know countless suburban women who are incapable of interest in anything beyond their own kitchen or the illnesses of the women of the neighborhood. How many of them know — or care — how the drop in wool prices affects the country's economy?

"On my visits to Melbourne I meet old friends who complain of the 'credit squeeze,' and add, 'But I suppose you farmers aren't affected.'

"Don't they really know where it started? One girl of 19 or 20 in a city store told me that woollen garments 'can only be afforded by farmers' wives.'

"... In my opinion it is only farmers' wives who can afford to keep the country going... as a former city girl, I writhe with shame when I read comments such as these made by Margaret Sydney."

Well, cross my heart, I never said (or thought) anything like that. I was envying country women their way of life, not criticising it. The average country woman works harder than I do, and for longer hours.

I'd swoop places with her, just the same, for the chance to bring my children up in that environment even if it did mean, as she says, that "the sacrifices made for secondary education vary from driving up to 40 miles a day to meet the school bus, to finding that extra £3 or £4 a week to board your child privately in the nearest big town."



S. CH 18

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READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Readers from every State have sent in these hints which will prove valuable in cutting down time and work in the household routine. Each hint wins a £1/1/- prize.



COOKERY TIP: Leave at least one inch of pastry all round the edge when making savory whirls and glaze well before completing the rolls. This will help prevent whirls unwinding in oven.

SAVE the leftover tea in your teapot and put it in a bottle until wanted. It is good for cleaning and polishing windows, mirrors, dark paint, and linoleum. Wring out a cloth in the tea and rub over the surfaces.—Mrs. E.

Hardy, 876 Wellington St., West Perth.

★ ★ ★
To keep bread fresh over weekends and holidays, wrap in plastic and freeze in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. Take it out on the morning it is required and when thawed and unwrapped it will be just as fresh as when delivered.—Mrs. D. Spooner, 245 Wattle Street, Bendigo, Vic.

★ ★ ★
A pipe-cleaner is useful for cleaning between the prongs of forks.—Mrs. M. Dunning, Kettering, Tas.

★ ★ ★
Discarded uncracked gramophone records can be utilised by placing them in the oven until they become soft, like putty. They can be moulded into shapes by putting them on the top of jelly moulds, plates, or glass dishes. When hard the name labels can be covered with gold paint. The article has the appearance of ebony when finished.—Mrs. E. Edwards, 100 Marcus Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
After painting, remove paint spots from windows with steel wool dipped in paint-thinner.—Mrs. D. Martin, 1 Jinatong Street, Miranda, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Keep a bottle of eucalyptus near the sewing-machine and remove machine-oil stains with it. Rub the stain with a soft clean rag dampened with eucalyptus.—E. Mason, 1897 Creek Road, Cannon Hill, Qld.

★ ★ ★
If short of skirt-hangers, use two spring pegs to clip the skirt on to an ordinary wire coat-hanger.—Mrs. V. Card, 80 Holmes Rd., Morwell, Vic.

★ ★ ★
When boiling rice, a few drops of lemon juice added to the boiling water softens the rice and improves the flavor.—D. C. Daintree, 30 Reddall St., Manly, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
When veiling on hats becomes flimsy and limp, press it between two pieces of waxed paper.—Mrs. J. D. O'Neil, 1177 Pacific Highway, Turrumurra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
For a refreshing summer drink, freeze a tray of ginger ale in the refrigerator. Add a cube of it to a glass of chilled pineapple juice.—Mrs. J. Wake, "Scrimlo," Aberdeen, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
When making large batches of biscuits, place them on greased sheets of paper the same size as the oven-slide. Brown paper can be used. One sheet full of biscuits can be prepared while another is baking, and the sheets can be slipped quickly on and off the oven-slide.—Mrs. P. A. Vanhoff, Plainby, via Crow's Nest, Qld.

★ ★ ★
I have found it handy to use milk to dampen the cleaner when cleaning white shoes. The whitening will not then rub off.—Mrs. R. Uren, Clarence Gardens, S.A.

★ ★ ★
To lift meringues easily from an oven-tray without fear of breaking, place the tray on a wet cloth immediately it is taken from the oven.—Mrs. W. Malcolm, Barton Road, Hawthorne, Qld.

★ ★ ★
If you have a household hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please write each hint on a separate sheet of paper and write your name and address, including State, on each hint. We pay £1/1/- for every one used.

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● Mrs. F. J. Nichol, Murrumbidgee, Vic., owns the English ornament at left.



● Mrs. E. King, Fairfield, N.S.W., owns the two vases at left, made about 1890.



● Mrs. G. Collins' ironstone plate (right) has scalloped border, was made about 1840.

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers three inquiries about antiques.

Could you please tell me the origin of this ornament? It has no markings, but I saw an identical one in Hobart Museum.—Mrs. F. J. Nichol, Murrumbidgee, Vic.

This delightful little figure (above), representing a young sportsman with his dog, is English. It is porcelain and was made at the celebrated Rockingham factory about 1830. It is rare to find figures of this type in perfect condition.

★ ★ ★

I have two vases standing 11in. high with gold handles and trimmings. They are in colors of jade, brown, and cream, with red roses in the centre. Could you please tell me their age? — Mrs. E. King, Fairfield, N.S.W.

Your vases (shown in centre, above) are Continental and were made about 1890.

★ ★ ★

I would be grateful if you could tell me the history of this plate.—Mrs. G. Collins, Bunbury, W.A.

Your plate (shown at right, above) was made by the English firm of Mason's, of Staffordshire, which took out a patent in 1813 (during the Regency) for an improved ironstone china. This famous ware was strong, durable, and withstood excessive heat. The firm specialised in large dinner, dessert, and tea services, also jugs and basins, etc.

The decoration was usually a transfer, over which was applied rich enamel colors and gilding. Oriental patterns were extensively used but invariably displayed an English idiom. Your fine plate with scalloped border dates about 1840. There are some comparatively modern reproductions bearing the same factory mark, but they also are marked "England," so the collector need not be confused.

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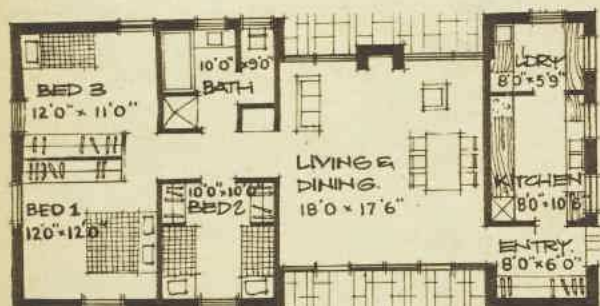
storage space. A sliding hatch connects the kitchen with the dining area.

The entrance hall, at one end of the "corridor," has large built-in cloak cupboards.

A particularly interesting feature of this design is that it can be built in two stages.

The first stage consists of one bedroom and bathroom forming a rectangle; the two other bedrooms can be added later.

Plan No. 625 is suitable for brick or timber construction and in brick will have an area of 11.8 squares; in timber, 11.2 squares.



FLOOR PLAN shows "unit" construction with bedrooms and bathroom separated from living and utility areas.

625



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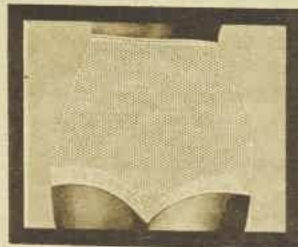
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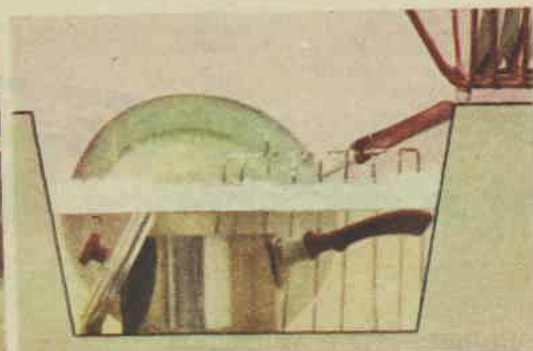
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house, would tumble things in behind whatever door would hold them. But as for the bottles, why not throw them out one by one, as they were emptied?

Rubbish disposal in this part of the south-west was, Margaret had discovered, a complicated affair to a New York apartment dweller. Paper and all other burnable matter had to be incinerated; garbage had its

the most noticing of rubbish-collection men.

Mrs. Foale did not want to be known to drink at all. Mrs. Foale had presented a certain surface to the town, and drinking did not go with it.

Margaret found it odd, tried to find it pathetic, and was sharply disturbed instead. She wished that Hilary had not prowled into the storage room, nor discovered the size of Mrs.

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

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her weight, but Hilary did not have the enjoyably martyred air she would have worn in that case, and her eyelids were heavy.

Her hands and forehead felt warm, but not alarmingly so. Margaret gave her an aspirin, settled her at the dining-room

pausing hard at the mobile with one bird missing. "Of course, Isabel left so suddenly . . . Might be in a bookcase, I wonder?"

Margaret agreed that it might, realising as the other woman set off for the library that Miss Honeyman was only bored and weary when other people were talking; she followed up her own utterances with a keenly attentive stare.

How hard it was, how almost impossible, to imagine either her or Mrs. Foale in serious possession of a cookbook.

Of course, Jerome Kincaid might have mentioned Hilary in the course of lunch, and Miss Honeyman might well be inspecting the house, on her friend's behalf, for crayons on the walls, jam on the slipcovers, modelling clay on the floors. Certainly her glance at the book-shelves was cursory. Straightening, she proceeded to put Margaret through an in-

terrogation whose full insolence did not register at the time.

No, she hadn't taken the house herself; it had been rented by her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Byrne. Her sister had been ill with flu, so they were off on a recuperating trip while she, Margaret, looked after the house.

Oh, didn't they, Miss Honeyman inquired rather discontentedly, have help?

Margaret, beginning to bristle, explained about the housekeeper's fall and broken hip and their feeling of responsibility in leaving a furnished house vacant.

She could not have hit upon a happier theme; Miss Honeyman's face grew almost benign.

"Very wise, oh, very wise indeed," Isabel regards this house quite as a trust; she's most particular about it. I must confess that I was surprised to hear that she had rented it at all."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



own domain; cans, bottles, and other non-burnable, non-garbage objects fell into a third category and were put out weekly for collection. The contents would sum up the user fairly accurately, if anyone were interested.

The conclusion seemed inescapable: Mrs. Foale did not want to be known to drink. But why? It was only such a barrage of bottles that might give rise to comment in even

Foale's feet, nor found the snapshot of Philip, but it was too late now. Mrs. Foale had come to make a shadowy third in the house, and there was no escaping her; the very locks and fastenings that shut out the dark shut her in more securely.

Hilary refused her breakfast in the morning. Margaret at first suspected a carried-over grievance about the allusion to

table with a jigsaw puzzle, and went in search of a thermometer.

There wasn't one in the otherwise well-stocked medicine cabinet. Margaret found it in the bedside table drawer, along with a left-over blue-and-yellow capsule and, in Cornelia's scrawl on an envelope, a telephone number which was probably the doctor's.

Hilary's temperature was 100, not much in a child, but enough to bear watching. What a fool Margaret had been to send her to the movies—but the flu epidemic was theoretically over and this was probably some routine twenty-four-hour thing. At least she had the Revertions' number in Mexico City, and the doctor's, in case she needed either. Meanwhile, she would have to put Hilary to bed.

Hilary balked, foreseeably; she was beginning to relish the idea of Margaret run off her feet, fetching and carrying and worrying, but she could not resist an argument. Margaret was firm but crafty. "When Lena comes I can go out and get you some new magazines and you can work on your scrapbook."

As though Hilary cared any more for photographic models when she had Mrs. Foale to work on—but Hilary gave her a measuring look. "All right," she said.

At nine, Lena arrived. Margaret had a second cup of coffee and walked into the town in the bemusingly springy, sunny, bird-chirp morning. The mountains might have been laid with fresh damask above their vast blue-purple lower slopes, but color and softness were emerging everywhere. Bare patches of earth were gold rather than dun, the blueness of the sky, to an upward glance, seemed to stain the immediate air.

For that matter, it was hard for an East-coast mind to conceive of a really bitter winter in a land where low adobe houses, white or blurred pink or clay-colored, sheltered so safely among so many walls.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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WOULD it, she wanted to know in her rather weary voice, be all right if she reclaimed a cookbook she had lent Isabel several months ago?

"Oh, certainly," said Margaret, and opened the door. The morning flooded briefly in on the white walls, turning the dark cross-beams lustrous with reflected light until she closed the door again. A faint new astringency, not quite a fragrance, had entered with them. When Margaret turned, her visitor was gazing with fond approval at the beaded peacocks, the formal brocaded chairs and settees, the shadow-sunk orientals.

"Christina did love this house," she murmured to Margaret. "The first Mrs. Foale, you know. She was a cousin."

"Oh," said Margaret, recognising belatedly the autocratic lids over the middle-colored eyes. Christina had been austere but sweet; this woman was austere and embittered. Hastily, because her eye had fallen on some of Hilary's drawings on the desk and Miss Honeyman looked like the kind of woman who would cable Mrs. Foale at once, she said, "I haven't come across the cookbook, but you probably know where it's kept?"

"In the pantry, I believe," said Miss Honeyman, starting away.

Her back, her every footstep claimed the house as familiar, well-loved territory. There was no trace of Hilary in the pantry, but to get there they would have to pass the jigsaw puzzle on the dining-room table. Margaret paused, turned a piece, and fitted it into place under Miss Honeyman's small saturnine smile. "You care for puzzles?"

"Now and then," said Margaret nonchalantly, and proceeded into the kitchen. Beyond her, as she put the sherbet in the freezer and dropped the magazines and cards behind the breadbox, she heard the pantry drawers open and close. Miss Honeyman appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"Now, I wonder where . . ." She was giving cabinets and surfaces an inventorying stare,



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1962

"A trust?" repeated Margaret. Two could play at this game, and she arched her eyebrows at Miss Honeyman.

"Yes. You see, she and Mr. Foale were married in the East—he had gone there for diagnosis and surgery, which unfortunately he did not survive—and Isabel's first trip out here was, of course, a very sad one. There was the house to be put in order, family things to be stored . . . Fortunately a relative came with her to help."

Miss Honeyman looked around for her purse and her gloves, found them, and donned both. "There is nothing like one's own at such a time. I know that when poor, poor Christina died, although she had been ill for some time, Hadley would not have known where to turn except for me."

She studied her gloved hands

while Margaret murmured indistinguishably, and then, moving briskly toward the door, she said, "Still, I'm afraid it was all too much for Isabel, poor child. If she had only let me know, or waited until I came back from a short trip of my own—but perhaps Europe, a complete change of scene, is best. I do hope your sister will be the better for her vacation, Miss Russell."

"Thank you, I'm sure she will," Margaret held the door. "What's the name of the cookbook, so that if I find it I can put it aside for you?"

The haughty gaze returned hers with fixity. "The Art of Spanish Cooking." A dark green book. Thank you so much, Miss Russell, and good-day."

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

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Margaret closed the door slowly, and, with the sun pouring down and Lena moving distantly around the house, locked it. Hilary was either asleep or otherwise content, and she had time to look at a number of things.

"Poor child"—but to Elizabeth Honeyman, so painfully perfect, anyone who had not attained to her own age, wisdom, and discrimination would be a child. Still, the frivolous shoes—and the elderly gibbon. Isabel Foale had obviously been far younger than the man she married, but odd and unexpected idylls did occur in that line from time to time.

Had it been an idyll, or did Miss Honeyman merely believe it to have been so, or was she only pretending to believe it? Certainly she had seemed to accept and even approve of Christina's successor, in a patronising way.

On the other hand, a woman of such pride and bitterness might dissimulate for a number of reasons—because she was jealous of Hadley Foale's name, or wanted continued access to a house she loved possessively, or wanted to shape the second Mrs. Hadley Foale in her own thin, competent hands, or was, purely and simply, a meddler.

In spite of the woman's ready description of it, Margaret did not

believe in the cookbook. Jerome Kincaid had tried to enter the house, thinking it was empty; he had lunched with Miss Honeyman; Miss Honeyman had turned up on what seemed more and more a transparent errand. She had inspected the bookshelves in the library; she had opened and closed the pantry drawers—

Lena's soft voice in the hallway said hesitatingly, "Ma'am?" and Margaret answered, "Just a minute, Lena, I'll be right there."

She went rapidly into the pantry. She looked in both drawers, and even in the cabinets above and the cupboards below, but the letter Hilary had found on that first misbegotten day, the letter out of which she had spelled "pregnant," wasn't there.

Lena had come to tell Margaret that Hilary wanted her, which was just as well, as Margaret wanted Hilary. In the cool apple-green-and-white room where Hilary lay with the covers pulled primly up to her chin, she said in an off-hand voice, "I got your magazines and your paste . . . feel better?"

"No."

"What is it—your stomach? Your throat?"

"I get these attacks," said Hilary morosely, and Margaret had an instant vision of the Greenwich Village apartment, Hilary tottering off to bed to recall her parents' attention, Mrs. Reversion saying anxiously to friends and pediatricians, "She gets these attacks."

"Hilary, do you remember the letter you found in the pantry drawer?"

"What letter?"

It was going to be one of those conversations. "The one you spelled a word out of, when you were looking for shoes, and I told you to put it back."

"And I did," said Hilary with suspicious promptness.

"Are you sure? Because it's important."

"You never believe anything I say," said Hilary, but she looked so flushed and injured that Margaret could not bring herself to pursue it. She got the thermometer instead, and found presently that Hilary's temperature had gone up a degree and a half. Margaret glanced at the clock, gave her another aspirin, and went quietly off to find the doctor's telephone number.

A CURLED piece of cellophane tape still clung to the pantry wall over the phone, but the slip of paper with telephone numbers it had held was gone.

Margaret knew dismally what had happened. The warmth of the pantry radiator had dried the tape, the paper had fluttered down, Lena, injured to the litter left everywhere from Hilary's scrapbook work, had swept it up and thrown it away.

She went back to the bedroom and Hilary. "What doctor did Cornelia have, do you remember?"

Hilary stared up from her magazine. "She didn't have a doctor."

"She did; she must have. The number was here, but it's lost."

"Well, he never came," said Hilary practically. "Am I going to have a doctor?"

"Yes. I think you'd better."

Hilary's flushed face went reverent.

"Am I very sick?"

"No," said Margaret, dampeningly. "You have a cold that we might as well get rid of, that's all. Would you like some soup now?"

Hilary said almost in a croak that she would not, and Margaret, leaving the room, controlled a smile that flickered out by itself.

Hilary must be mistaken about Cornelia's not having had a doctor, of course; he might have made late-evening visits, or come while the child was out. (Out where?) In any case, she had the telephone number she had found with the thermometer in the bedside drawer.

When she dialled it, the line drawled emptily back at her. Well, it was a little after noon on Saturday, but wouldn't a doctor have an answering service? Frowning, she got the directory, leafed through the back to "Physicians," and went examining through the names. She had only thrown a glance at the slip of paper, when Cornelia taped it up; still, she ought to recognise the name when she came across it.

It began with M, she was fairly sure of that. And here were Martinez, Mendoza . . . Muir, that was it. Dr. Thomas Muir, General Practice.

It was not the number on the envelope, but Margaret dialled, and explained Hilary's fever to the nurse who answered. Could Dr. Muir come to the house? Just a moment, please; the nurse would ask.

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Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

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She came back presently with
the information that Dr. Muir
could not make a house call that
day. Margaret could bring the
child to his office if she didn't
mind a considerable wait, or,
if she preferred, he would pre-
scribe an antibiotic.

Margaret gave the receiver
a look of astonishment. Pre-
scribe for a new patient with-
out even seeing her? But she
said only, "I think in that case
I'd better wait and see how
she does. This is the Dr. Muir
who treated Mrs. Philip Byrne
recently, isn't it?"

After another delay and
some rustling of papers, it was.
Aware of the impatience in the
nurse's voice, Margaret said
persistently, "Dr. Muir saw
Mrs. Byrne, of course?"

"I really couldn't . . . if
you care to hold the line," said
the nurse coldly, "perhaps the
doctor can speak to you him-
self."

Margaret held the line. Twice
she almost hung up, but some-
thing forced her to go on listen-
ing to distant waiting-room
sounds: doors opening and clos-
ing, a child's fretful wail, a
voice making an appointment.
Why was she doing this? If
doctors here were so busy, or so
reluctant to make house calls,
Cornelia and Philip would
hardly thank her for stirring
up any kind of dust . . .

"Dr. Muir speaking."
The low, soft voice caught
Margaret by surprise. She said
rather stumbly that she had
been quite concerned about her
sister, Mrs. Byrne; what had
Dr. Muir thought of her when
he saw her?

"I didn't actually see her,"
said Dr. Muir equably, and
went on to explain. The flu epi-
demic had been widespread and
in many cases severe, and when
he was not in his office he had
been at the hospital.

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Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Mrs. Byrne's case had been
typical of the intestinal type;
he had therefore prescribed the
usual antibiotic with instruc-
tions that she was to report on
her progress and let him know
if improvement was not rapid.

He was surprisingly patient
with Margaret, or perhaps only
very tired, and when he had
finished he said politely, "How
is Mrs. Byrne now?"
"Oh, much better. In fact,
she's gone off for a vacation,"
said Margaret, feeling foolish
and embarrassed. "Thank you,
Doctor."

She hung up, bothered by
the fact of her own reassur-
ance, rubbing absently at the
tiny tight headache that had
sprung up at both temples.

WHAT to do about
Hilary? Her own mother had
been a firm believer in aspirin,
fluids, and alcohol rubs, but a
whole new generation of com-
plicated germs had grown up
since then, and suppose she was
taking Hilary's "attacks" too
lightly? Suppose Hilary were
prone to some condition that
could be dangerous?

If the fever hadn't gone down
by evening she would go
through the directory until she
found a doctor who would
come, and after that she would
call the Revertons—reconcilia-
tion or not—

No, she wouldn't. The
Mexico City number had been
on the slip of paper with the
doctor's.

Margaret discovered herself
pacing distractedly about her
room, half in worry over Hilary,
half in anger at Cornelia and
Philip for getting her into this.
She knew both attitudes to be
unreasonable — Hilary un-
doubtedly had only a touch of
flu, and they had left her in
the best of health — but that
didn't help her own increasing
headache.

She went in to look at Hilary
and found her asleep, hot face
turned into her pillow, one

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hand clutched about a corner of the scrapbook that protruded from under it. If she had taken the letter from the pantry drawer, wild horses wouldn't drag it out of her, Margaret thought, gazing down at her, and now that the letter had become an issue she would have secreted it in some wily undiscoverable place.

Not that it could be of any real importance, or it would not have been left lying about in a house that was to be turned over to strangers; it would probably not have been preserved at all. A gossip note about mutual friends from Grace, the sender of the postcard? Now that Margaret concentrated on it, her one tempted glance had caught small, cramped writing.

What did seem to matter was the fact that, with Mrs. Foale away, both Jerome Kincaid and Elizabeth Honeyman were markedly curious about her.

Better, much, if it were Hilary, because then it was only a child's secretive fancy. Might she have slipped the letter into the vase on the closet shelf, to join the photograph of the dark-haired woman? On this note of bald self-deception Margaret turned from the bed, opened the closet door without a sound, reached for the violet-encrusted vase, and tipped the photograph into her hand.

It was no more revealing on a long look than it had been at a glance, except that a sense of recognition grew. The face under the dark bangs wasn't exactly pretty, but something about it—the perfect crescent brows, possibly, or a certain enameled stillness—held the eye. She

seemed to be in her late thirties or early forties, with a firm almost-plumpness that became her. Mrs. Foale?

It was a snapshot, and not a very good one; there was nothing to learn from the dim grey pattern of background. Margaret turned a little, seeking a better light, and met Hilary's interested marble-like stare. Hilary said obligingly: "That's Mrs. Foale."

What folly to have believed that simply because her lashes were down, her mouth a little open, her breath coming regularly, the master spy had been asleep. The virus did not exist,

thought Margaret a trifle resentfully, that could get the better of Hilary. But the child's calm certainly was chilling, almost as though she had some unthinkable means of summoning up Mrs. Foale's face. . . . Margaret said deliberately, "You can't possibly know whether it's Mrs. Foale or not."

"Yes, I can. I asked this girl what Mrs. Foale looked like," said Hilary, heaving violently up out of her bedclothes, "and she said she was little and had black hair and bangs."

It took Margaret a moment to remember that "this girl" was Hilary's acquaintance of the movies. "What's her name?"

Hilary gave her a surprised look. "Isabel."

Patience. "No, your friend, the girl you met."

"Rosina."

Just in time Margaret stopped herself from pursuing. "Rosina what?" It was not so much her impression that Hilary didn't know the girl's last name as an appalled realisation of what her own motive would be in asking it. To go about the town seeking out a stranger, and a child at that. . . .

"Her mother worked for Mrs. Foale," said Hilary, mind-reading, "and that's how Rosina knows what Mrs. Foale looks like. And one day her mother came to the house and there was a note on the door telling her not to come any more. I guess that was when she went away."

And now was the time, wasn't it, when the issue stood more or less squarely between them? Margaret said directly, "Hilary, where did you get this snapshot and—the other things?"

She would not mention Philip because it was possible Hilary hadn't recognized him with a moustache, hadn't even related the doorway or the white iron chair with the porch of this house. She held her breath and Hilary, subiding on her pillow with a markedly invalidish air, said, "Down behind some books in the library. Can I have some soup?"

"In a minute. What books?"

"I don't know. I was only trying to get things tidy," said Hilary. Her tone and her wriggle under the sheet implied that sheer hard work had reduced her to her present state. She swallowed, apparently with difficulty. "I'm so thirsty."

Margaret heated clear soup and buttered toast on Mrs. Foale's stove, in Mrs. Foale's toaster. Mrs. Foale of the light-minded shoes, the rum bottles, the inconsiderateness of a note tacked to the door rather than due notice to a woman who had worked for her. . . . How very driven she must have been—perhaps by the shadows; the stilled birds; the solemp clock; perhaps even by Elizabeth Honeyman—to have fled so precipitately.

HILARY consumed her soup and toast with appetite. She can't be so bad, after all, Margaret told herself reassuringly, and then stood hastily back as Hilary rushed for the bathroom and was sick.

That was at one o'clock. At two, freshly pyjamaed, sponged off with alcohol, cooler-looking against tightened sheets and plumped pillows, Hilary drank a cup of tea without incident. Margaret played checkers with her until three, losing with dignity, and then removed her propping pillow firmly and thrust the thermometer under her tongue.

Almost 103, and if it went as temperatures usually did it would climb toward evening. "Going down," said Margaret carelessly to Hilary's sharp too-bright yellow gaze, "but have another aspirin, just in case. Lena's vacuuming, so I'm going to close your door for a few minutes. Try to take a nap, will you? And then have some nice cold sherbet when you wake up."

In her own room, that door closed, too, she opened the directory with fingers that rattled the pages. Children ran high temperatures with ease; they could be wretchedly ill one day and bouncing about the next, but somehow Hilary in her present state was like a toothless bulldog or a fallen oak.

And what would the Revertons say? There were surprisingly few general practitioners in the town; it seemed to be a refuge for specialists. Margaret, calling grimly by alphabet, grew mounting anxiety. Ambulances raced through her mind, hospital corridors, the accusing faces of Hilary's parents.

She had a number of frustrating encounters before she got hold of Dr. A. J. Wimple. His nurse said he would come as soon as possible after office hours, probably between six and seven o'clock.

Lena left at four; Margaret thanked her and saw her go with a queer, strong reluctance. As usual after her day there, the house literally shone. Rosewood clock, pottery ashtrays, Mexican silver fireplace fan collected what little light there was in puddles and sheets, and the bank of windows in the dining-room, a cold flare from the shadows of the hall where Margaret stood listening outside Hilary's door, coated the dark table and chair tops with polished pewter.

The sun and warmth of the morning had been swallowed up under massed clouds, and when Margaret wandered into the library, briefly reassured by Hilary's quiet, even breathing, the white mountain peaks had disappeared into a stormy purple-grey. Darkness was going to come early tonight.

. . . And how very quiet it was, almost as though Hilary's sleep had spread

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STOP FOR BUSHELLS — GO REFRESHED

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through the house. Margaret stood listening, examining the very air, and realised suddenly that it was a long time since the grandfather clock had chimed and that even its soft measured tick was missing.

Wound only the day before, it had stopped, its pendulum motionless. Margaret reminded herself that the man who had wound it had not been in great clockwinding shape; nevertheless, it bothered her sharply. Had he raised the weights only slightly, in order to give himself an excuse for coming back? ("Miss Foale give Julio money . . .")

At six o'clock, as though he had been waiting patiently for the fall of night, for darkness to detach himself secretly from, he came back.

Jerome Kincaid had called at five. Until she heard his voice Margaret had forgotten that he was to have taken her to dinner tonight; Hilary and Mrs. Foale between them had driven everything else from her mind. She explained lightly, covering her own surprising disappointment, and Kincaid said reflectively, "You know, she looked like the kind of child who might do this."

There was a mutual and tentative pause, full of possible alternative of Margaret's asking him to dinner there. Would it do? No, she thought firmly, it wouldn't; for one thing, it wasn't her house to entertain in. She said to end the pause, "I'm sorry. I do wish she'd picked another time."

"I'll bet this is the first time she's been sick in years," said Kincaid. He sounded gloomy. "Well, that seems to take care of tonight. Is there anything I can do? Errands to run?"

"I don't think so, thanks. If the doctor gives her something he'll have it delivered."

"Maybe tomorrow, then. How's Cornelia, by the way?"

"Fine, I suppose."

"They didn't call last night?"

"No. Of course," said Margaret, mostly for her own benefit. "there's no real reason why they should."

"There is now," returned Kincaid mildly. "They ought to know you're in charge of a sick bed, if only to make them a little more grateful. No news of your wandering landlady?"

"Mrs. Foale?" Margaret was somehow astonished. "No."

WHAT did he expect, she wondered presently, after she had left the phone — postcards? Little bulletins from abroad? He had been much too light with his question, he had only underlined the depth of his interest in Mrs. Foale. And also, for some reason that could hardly stem from all those years in sixth grade, Cornelia.

Well, he was an attractive man, both in looks and in manner, and possibly he kept track of all the women who entered his life even casually; possibly he established with all of them that wordless, effortless intercommunication. There were, thought Margaret angrily, men like that, but they ought to be labelled.

She found Hilary awake, listlessly pinking the edge of her sheet with her scissors, forestalling any kind of severity with a complaining "I can't swallow."

"Yes, you can," said Margaret after an alarmed second. "You've been asleep, and your throat is dry. Wouldn't you like some soup?"

Hilary recoiled from the mention of soup, tea, milk, eggnog, or ginger ale. She finally unbent to sherbet, which she swallowed, Margaret noticed, as though she were eating jagged stones. Tonsillitis? Quinsy? Damn the Revertons for dropping her off so blithely, and would the doctor never come?

Like an answer to a prayer, the doorbell rang. Margaret had left the porch light on with the coming of darkness; she put a hand to the lock, thankfully, and snatched it back as though she had been scorched.

There he was, the man who called himself Julio, only a thin width of curtain glass away: big, shabby serpentine body, smiling at her with foolish determination, brim-shadowed eyes taking in the empty room behind her. While she stood there, frozen, he put out a finger without moving his gaze from hers and pressed the doorbell again. It made a mad nightmarish sound in Margaret's ears, face to face as they were.

She lifted her voice to penetrate the glass. "Go away, please. There's someone sick here."

He said something she didn't hear, Spanish or indistinct English, and turned the doorknob. Although the lock was on, Margaret's heart gave an enormous

pound of panic; he could probably smash the door open, if he tried hard enough, and he could very easily break a pane just above the lock. She gathered her voice and repeated clearly, "Go away at once."

His hand went out, the doorbell shrilled again. He was very drunk indeed, and very determined; he had found a source of money in this house and knew she was here alone with a child.

The doorknob turned again, the wood pressed slightly in. Margaret's throat was tight with not bursting into gasps of panic; he would, in that case, smash the glass instantly. She could not turn off the porch light and walk away, because then, for all she knew, he might be trying

the back door, or the cellar entrance, or the windows.

He might get in, in this strange black New Mexico night, and then two dollars, or ten, would not calm him. She would simply have to stand here, holding him off with a stare as immobile as his, until he gave up, or the doctor came, or something happened to get her out of this.

Hilary called her, querulously. Margaret didn't turn her head. She was too terrified to move, to turn her back on him for the necessary time it would take to get to the telephone; call the police, identify herself and her address and her complaint.

The man outside made a sudden movement of fury, mouthed something she didn't hear, and turned and wove out of the light. On the very edge of it, face now buried in darkness, he turned back and lifted a fist and shook it at her.

It ought to have been laughably melodramatic behind the safety of the lock, but it was not. It seemed to Margaret, shaken as she was, as primitive and menacing as a gorilla's beating on his chest; an expression of rage, a warning of violence to come.

He was really gone; she could feel the night grow impersonal again. A car hummed by, a bird called sleepily somewhere; any immediate threat had withdrawn.

But this did it, she thought, going into Hilary's room and taking deep deliberate breaths to quiet herself. When Philip and Cornelia called she would tell them frankly that the house and Hilary were too much for her. She might even fabricate an urgent message from New York. She would, she must get out of here as fast as possible.

"Very unusual," said Dr. Wimple, looking at her closely and doubtingly. "These people are gentle as a rule — courteous to an extreme. I suppose now and then one of them gets a wine-drinking streak on, but it certainly seems peculiar. You're sure you didn't say anything to him?"

"I gave him some money," said Margaret wearily, "because he demanded it. I did ask him to leave."

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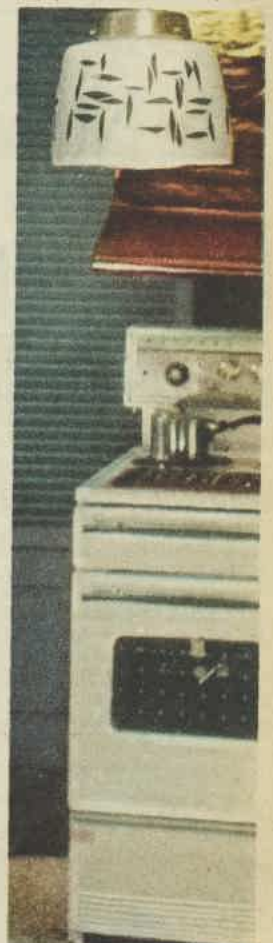


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Where imagination comes to light

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because it looked as though he wouldn't. Should I have had him to lunch?"

She had already regretted telling Dr. Wimple anything at all, and would not have if his solicitous inquiry about her palor and her shaking hands had not released her into a burst of pointless tears.

He had offered her a sedative, which she refused; he seemed now, in a kind and studious way, to put the blame on her. Easterner, his manner said, suspicious of anything not clad in a business suit, frightened at the first well-intentioned Spanish-American she had come across.

"It doesn't matter," she said briefly. "Now, what about Hilary..."

Oh, yes. Hilary was to have, he wrote busily, tetracycline every four hours, around the clock; he would have that sent. Margaret could continue the aspirin and the alcohol sponges, and fluids were important. He would like a report on Monday morning.

Wimple shouldered into his

coat, picked up his bag, and reached for the doorknob. Margaret only realised then that he had not pronounced on Hilary at all; he had said, "Hm," and, after a look at Hilary's throat, "Mmm-hmm," and after counting Hilary's pulse he had burst into a veritable song of humming, and put all his instruments briskly away.

"What has she got?" asked Margaret baldly, and Wimple looked at her as though she had crept in to rifle his office files. "A bad throat," he said repressively. "Nodules. Goodnight, Mrs. Reversion."

"Goodnight," said Margaret.

The man would not come back; of course he would not, but after she had given Hilary her first capsule, coaxingly wrapped up in jam, Margaret inspected the doors and windows again and even made herself descend into the cellar. The

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entrance door there was locked, and there wasn't a door in the storage room—was there?

If she didn't look now, she would lie awake and hear all kinds of stealthy sounds. It was just a room, after all, and a very untidy one at that—an addition, and uninsulated because of its bone-chilling cold.

Margaret opened the door on dimness, walked between the carton of rum bottles and huddled bedspreads, stepped around some trunks and a few dismantled lamps, and was at the end of the room. No door. Only one window and that—she felt in the shadows for metal—securely fastened.

How did Cornelia stand this house when Philip was away?

Hilary had had her capsule at seven and would need another at eleven, so there was no sense in a very early dinner and bed. Margaret made herself a drink, astonished at her pang because she did not have to pour Hilary's accompanying tomato juice, and went into the library to look for something to read.

There was a whole section of books on birds and birdlife; sets, well read, from their backs, of George Eliot, Trollope, Dickens. Jacketed novels here and there among them were like a naughty wink in a reading-room.

They were as out of place as the incongruously gay slippers, the cache of empty rum bottles. Had these been signs of defiance by Isabel Foale? But whom had she defied? Not her husband; he was dead. Elizabeth Honeyman, with her arrogant finely netted face, her air of possession over the house? Or the house itself, the eclipsing darkness and subdued beauty and waxed formality?

And here, gilt on dark green, was *The Art of Spanish Cooking*. Miss Honeyman could not have missed it if she were really looking for it; it stood between a pale-bound set of Jack London and a crimson series of Jane Austen.

Drink in hand, Margaret went to the phone. So informed herself that it was only courtesy to let Miss Honeyman know that the lost was found—who knew, the woman might be starving to death—but she was consciously braced against the sardonic little smile, the haughty eyelids, the weary voice.

"Miss Honeyman? Margaret Russell. I called to say that I've found your cookbook."

"Have you?" Her own imperative visit notwithstanding, Miss Honeyman appeared to have to search her mind as to what Margaret was talking about. "I'll—let me see, I'll stop by, shall I?"

"Yes, why don't you?" said Margaret and then, unpremeditatedly (although nothing like this was ever really unpremeditated), "Oh, someone's called me, a Mrs. Withers, I think, to ask about Mrs. Foale's relative, the one who came west with her. Apparently she's quite anxious to get in touch with someone in the family."

Did it sound as thin and obviously improvised over the phone as it did to her own ears? Apparently, because there was a considerable pause before Miss Honeyman repeated, "Mrs. Withers?"

"From Philadelphia, I believe," said Margaret firmly. "On her way to the coast."

Miss Honeyman sifted this in another little silence; Margaret had a clear vision of the

eyebrows going up, the triangular eyelids lowering.

Then the voice in her ear said, "I'm afraid I wouldn't have the slightest idea of where she could locate the young man—Isabel's cousin, that is. I believe he went back East, as I understand he had some blood-pressure condition that couldn't tolerate our altitude. In fact," a touch of asperity crept in, "he spent most of his visit here in bed. Not a help, under the circumstances."

How nettled she must have felt for her voice to reflect it still. Because she had counted on being mentor to the second Mrs. Foale, and been shut out on the account of a man at whom she hadn't even been allowed to get a full and critical look?

Margaret eased her cramped fingers on the receiver and gazed steadily at the blank pantry wall. "I see... well, thank you, I'll tell this woman if she calls again that he's gone back. I suppose it was the cousin she's after—almost a twin to Mrs. Foale, she said."

"Oh, dear, no," said Elizabeth Honeyman through an invisible, astringent little raspberry smile. "She's quite mistaken if she thinks that. I only caught a glimpse of him once, but he was as fair as Isabel is brunette, with a little blond moustache. I should say he was several years younger. Amusing, isn't it, the physical contrast one sometimes finds in families..."

At last the malice showed through like scraped metal, a raw dry sparkle under the studied tones. Miss Honeyman was neither a fool nor a gossip. Deliberately, she was letting Margaret know that she did not believe the man who had stayed in the house with Mrs. Foale was her cousin.

Nor did Margaret. Beyond any reasonable doubt, beyond any doubt at all in her own thunderous head, it had been Philip.

But even if it had been Philip, that was no reason to stand here with her mid-section gone hollow, her hand as tight and still on the cradled receiver as though it had been fused there.

With an effort, Margaret got herself away from the telephone and into the empty shining black-windowed kitchen. Almost unaware of what she was doing, she made herself a second drink and sat blankly at the table with it, gazing fixedly at nothing.

No, not nothing: dim montages of Philip's face when she had first known him—bent toward hers at a cocktail party, waiting smilingly outside the apartment door, turned to her on the street, in restaurants, in countless places. Words went with the overlapping images, the things Philip had told her about himself in the first and often-regretted freedom with which people attracted to each other unroll their inner selves like maps for inspection.

He loved mountain climbing, strictly as an amateur, of course; he had done some on a trip abroad during college and still did, whenever he found a height to go up.

He was all alone in the world except for a divorced aunt who spent such time, effort, and money in looking half her age that she shunned such a tall, mature relative as though he had been a mass of extra calories.

Margaret had met her once, slim, sable-caped, hair a delicate silver-gold, on the arm of a handsome dark man outside the Plaza. When she and Philip had moved away after introductions and the briefest of pleasantries, a fragment of the

light voice had followed them: "... by marriage, of course. But isn't he enormous?"

In the course of tea at his apartment, Margaret had wormed a collection of photographs out of Philip, and in none of them had he worn a moustache.

So much for the prostrating effect of the altitude, the cousin whom he had gallantly accompanied out here in her distress, the moustache.

How long did it take to grow a moustache? Of course, if you were in any kind of hurry, you could buy one.

The thought of Philip going out to buy a moustache, pricing them solemnly, trying them on, was so ludicrous as to be cheering. Margaret clung to her amusement, and it carried her safely through dinner, the washing of the few dishes, the inevitable wandering back to the library.

There it deserted her. The caching of the liquor bottles was now explained; a sorrowing widow and her ailing cousin would have to be very careful

indeed of every overt move, and great numbers of empty rum bottles would not do at all.

The moustache had altered Philip's appearance on arrival, and the tale of the blood-pressure condition had kept him out of sight, except for a random glimpse like Miss Honeyman's, from then on. Obviously, anyone who went to that amount of trouble was anxious to avoid recognition—then, or at some future time.

It could be argued that if all this had taken place before his marriage to Cornelia, it was strictly his own concern. What had shaken Margaret so badly was not so much the fact that Philip had lied, but that he had lied so well, so smilingly, glancing around the living-room on the night of her arrival and saying wryly, "Cosy, isn't it? But a stroke of luck for us that Mrs. Whatever-his-name-is decided to rent it."

And what about Isabel Foale, going abroad so precipitately? Had she thought Philip was

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Are grandmothers getting younger? There may be statistics to prove that they are, but I think the real truth is that modern grannies seem younger because they look younger. We women are traditionally privileged to keep our age a secret and, anyway, youth is a look—a feeling—not a matter of the number of birthdays we've had!

Grey hairs are a give-away! Most women today are wonderfully enlightened about the use of cosmetics, but many don't realise that hair colour is just as important as lipstick—the very first thing which betrays age is grey hair. Even if it's premature, grey hair will make you look older than you really are, so looking young begins with banishing tell-tale grey hairs.

Colour must be natural. Maybe you feel doubtful about using hair colouring because you're afraid your hair will not look natural—and there are many hair dyes which do look unreal and artificial. That's why I always recommend L'Oréal of Paris Tintette, the gentle liquid creme which is so much better than a dye. With Tintette you can be absolutely sure that your hair colour will be perfect—never too dark, never too bright, never unreal, because the clear, shining colour penetrates deep into the hair shaft. Only with Tintette can you colour your hair at home with serene confidence—easily, quickly, safely and permanently. All the twelve lovely Tintette shades are so true to nature that no one will realise what has happened—they'll just notice how much younger and prettier you look.

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darkening, a Tintette shade just a little lighter than your natural colour will bring it back to its original lively loveliness. Your chemist—or the hair consultant in your favourite store—will gladly help you choose the perfect Tintette shade for your hair. Or, if you prefer, I'll be very happy to give you personal advice if you write me at the address below.

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Below: "ROMANY" (Design No. 1310). Contemporary fringed throwover—backgrounds of Pastel Pink, Olive Green, Blue, Lilac, Green, Cinnamon, Grey, Gold. Double and 3-ft. sizes.



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Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 50

going to marry her — was morally bound to marry her — and then, learning about Cornelia, cut herself off from a situation she couldn't bear?

How angry Philip would be, Margaret thought irrelevantly, if he knew about the things Hilary had found: the snapshot of himself, the other one, and apparently the only one, of Mrs. Foale. But, of course, in bringing Cornelia to the house he had thought himself safe with those two elderly portraits in the hall. He had never envisioned the possibility of a quietly prowling Hilary, or of Margaret's being there.

Margaret found herself staring at her book without having comprehended a line. One of the library windows faced on the porch, and a slice of black glass showed; equally, a slice of lighted room, untenanted except for herself, showed to whoever might care to look. She got out of her chair, carefully unbuttoned, and twitched the heavy beige curtains to a complete close.

"Miss Foale give Julio money." To wind the clock? Hardly, unless that were a sacred duty imposed on her by Elizabeth Honeyman. It seemed much more likely that he had been paid to keep away, that he hoped, with his mixture of servility and impudence, that Margaret might be interested in keeping him away, too.

He. She hardly thought of him as a man at all, only as a pair of eyes under a big hat, a sinuous, insinuating presence that might flatten itself like a snake and get into the house after all.

A chill touched her—but it was an actual, physical chill, a brush of cold air on her legs. One of the tall windows must have slipped its catch and be standing negligently open.

Don't get excited. (Wasn't that what the snakebite kits said so waggishly?) Walk briskly and loudly through the

house, an indignant resident but not a terrified one, a woman who would calmly send for the police at the first threat of an intruder.

Margaret's shaking legs, so addressed, took her into the long living-room with its islands of light, through it and into the hall beyond, where the draught was stronger.

Hilary's room, the door open on blowing darkness.

Margaret got the light on, sweeping the wall for the switch with a frantic hand. There, across the room, was the wide-open window, its unhooked screen swung out from the bottom, summoning in the night—and there in the bed, face screwed up in an injured squint, was Hilary.

MARGARET collected a long, bottom-of-the-lungs breath. In silence she walked across the room, hooked the screen, closed the window to within two inches. Still in silence, she turned and gazed at Hilary. Hilary said in an instant and piteous croak, "My throat hurts."

"I don't wonder," said Margaret measuredly. "Are you trying to catch pneumonia?"

"I was hot," said Hilary, in such a subdued and apologetic voice that Margaret glanced more closely at her. No mere fever could work such a change in Hilary, and there was something effacing in the way she had wriggled herself deep into her covers. The room was now very cold, but still—

"You don't let in any more air by opening the screen," said Margaret, thawing a little. Her reaction to a bad fright was receding and Hilary was, after all, fairly sick. "Besides—"

"Can I have some gingerale?" interrupted Hilary. So she had opened the screen for some well-thought-out purpose — to dispose of something? Hide something until

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7459



7460

7459.—Color interest is seen in the slightly shaped one-piece dress (above). The color, dark lobster-red, is highlighted at the collarless neckline with a band of chalk-white. Available sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7476

7476. — Yoked one - piece (right) has the season's neat shoulderline and a white trim for color accent. The dress is made in pink cotton. Available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

7460. — This chic front-buttoned one-piece can be worn as a coat or dress. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1962

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 52

later, because she knew Margaret would be a frequent visitor in the room during the night and all the next day? Once you got to know her, Margaret reflected wearily, going out to the kitchen for ginger-ale, Hilary was really no more difficult to read than code.

At eleven o'clock, she folded another capsule into jam, administered it, took Hilary's temperature, 103½, gave the sheets a last smoothing, turned the pillow, said goodnight, set her alarm clock for three, and topped into her own bed.

The alarm went off after what seemed only a wink of sleep. For a wild few seconds Margaret did not know where she was, or even where the clock was; when she found it by knocking it on to the floor, she was still bewildered by this waspish call in the middle of the night.

Of course, Hilary, medicine, and a sponge.

She woke Hilary with difficulty, gave her her capsule, and, although the child felt cooler to the touch, sponged her with alcohol. She was a further ten minutes wiping up the water which spilled from the bedside glass knocked over by Hilary's protesting hand, but she was so stupefied with sleep that when she was back in her own bed her mind blurred at once.

It touched the fact that Cornelia and Philip still had not telephoned, and then it abandoned that, too.

In the morning there was blood on the porch.

What was there about dried blood that you knew it instantly, even if you had only opened the door to see if the milk was there yet? The splattered shape of the stains, perhaps, or the little diminishing trail of drops that led down the uneven stone steps and disappeared into the grass.

MARGARET stared downward for possibly a minute before she did what, later, she was a little aghast at. She went rapidly to the drawer in the kitchen where rags were kept for cleaning, soaked one in cold water, went, almost running now, back to the porch. The stains came up easily enough, turning the wet cloth a color that she averted her gaze from while, because there mightn't be time to rinse it and wring it out, she kept turning it in on itself to find a fresh surface.

Birds twittered in the new morning, the washed-gold light with its silt of slender branch shadows moved gently over the wet flagstones, turned them damp, turned them dry.

Margaret went into the house, locked the door behind her, and walked without pausing into the kitchen. Her hand held the blood-stained cloth without feeling, as though she had detached herself from it; she put off, just for the mo-

ment, and thought of the harshest soap she could find, the hottest water she could stand.

The kitchen wastebasket was fairly full, and in the little back entry were three emptied milk cartons. Not enough, Margaret took up a pile of folded newspapers and carried everything out to the incinerator behind the garage. It was a new and very good incinerator, reducing everything it burned to fine ash. The wet cloth wouldn't be destroyed at once, but it would dry a good deal, perhaps even char a little, in an initial fire.

At no time did she question what she was doing, or why. Instinct made her move as quickly and surely as though she had rehearsed this a hun-



"This is the place I was telling you about!"

dred times, and it was not until she had scrubbed her hands under water that made her wince, and caught a glimpse of her set white face in the mirror, that any realisation of what she had done began to seep through.

Even then she thrust it away, going to the kitchen to put water on to boil. She would feel less stiff, less cold, after a cup of burning coffee. While she waited, she stood at the sink and drank a glass of tomato juice. The morning was windless, and from behind the garage rose a plume of smoke . . . and it was time for Hilary's medicine.

Even at a glance, and although she was still quite hot, Hilary was markedly better; her air of prim reproach was back in place. In answer to Margaret's inquiry she swallowed wincingly — her throat was dry because she had had no water to drink, and she had a terrible headache from sleeping with the window shut. She always had her window open.

"Except maybe when you've just had the doctor," returned Margaret mildly. She had seldom been so glad to see anyone; Hilary was, loosely speaking, another human being, a voice and a full set of complaints to keep her occupied. "Would you like some apple-sauce — that goes down easily — and milk? And I'll bring my coffee in, shall I?"

Hilary gaped, understandably; her experience of adults, especially of Margaret, was that they tended to be savage if disturbed over their coffee. Margaret went back to the kitchen without waiting for an answer and put orange juice, apple-sauce, milk, and her own cup of coffee on a tray. (A cat or a dog, her mind offered desperately, hit by a car, running up on the porch to lick its wounds—)

In Hilary's room, she sat in the little green-painted rocker and drank her coffee, waiting bracedly for the conversation to open on Mrs. Foale. Instead, Hilary worked her way broodingly through her breakfast, only pausing now and then to regard Margaret with an unnerving lynx-like stare. Had she recognised Philip in the snapshot, after all? Had Philip and Cornelia been so ungarded as to mention, in her hearing, any-

thing of Margaret and the past?

Margaret bore it while she smoked a cigarette; then, standing with her empty cup, she said brightly, "What's the matter, Hilary? Something on your mind?"

"No," said Hilary, dropping her lashes. "Who came last night?"

Margaret's heart gave a thump. "Nobody."

"Somebody kept ringing the doorbell."

"Oh, that. That was someone looking for another address on this street."

"But you kept telling them to go away."

"I was very busy," said Margaret, and bent her face concealingly over the tray on Hilary's lap. "Finished?"

The rag she had used to wash the flagstones was an unrecognisable twist of black when she went out to look; nevertheless, the same driving urgency that had propelled her then made her scour the yard for all the leaves and wind-driven scraps of paper she could find and light a second fire. The rag sank into fragility, then into ash. No one could ever tell, now, that she had scrubbed a man's blood off the porch, deliberately destroying evidence of—

No. That was only in her own mind. The South-west was not the tame and civilised East; you had only to read the newspapers to know that quarrels were still settled quite frequently with knives or guns. That was open battle, not the dark and secret process that murder suggested. In any case, the man on the porch had probably only been wounded.

Intolerable to think anything else. That he had swayed this time because he was dying, that some bewildered instinct had led him to seek help in a house where he had been used to receiving money, that Margaret had driven him back into the night to die by himself.

Another, colder thought touched her. Suppose that at this minute, while she stood here in warm light under a sky that seemed tangibly blue, he lay somewhere quite near her, unaware any more of light or sky?

STEPPING as carefully as though she had heard a whirl of rattles in the grass, Margaret began to search the grounds. The garage, first, piled with sealed cartons belonging to Cornelia and Philip, boxes and roped trunks of Mrs. Foale's. Then around the house, under pear and apple trees to where the walled front lawn ran lengthwise to taller trees at either end.

She had no eye for the neglected gardens, the jonquils building hopefully in the midst of drifted leaves and twigs and last year's brown stalks. She looked for worn dungarees, a big-brimmed hat, a slender olive hand — and they weren't here.

At least . . . there was one more place to search, or, rather, two: the twin concrete-lined pits, perhaps four feet deep, that flanked the gate on the inside of the adobe wall. Margaret had no idea of their function, but either one would be a certain trap for feet weaving off into the dark.

The first held only dead leaves, twigs, and two ancient newspapers still in their tight cylindrical fold. She caught her breath at the second, but the piece of blue cloth was a wind-whipped fragment, faded and rotting.

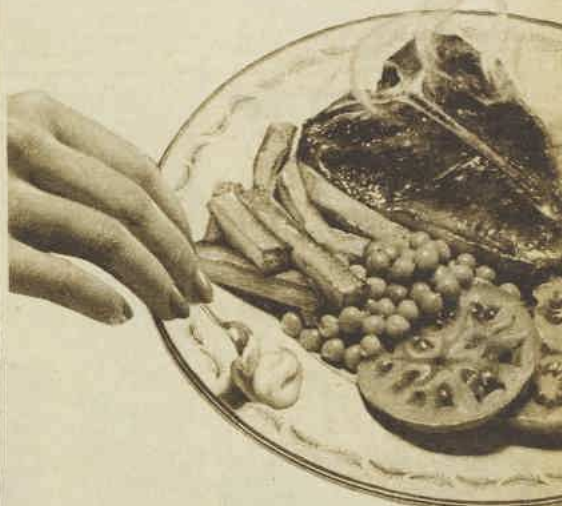
It would be dreadful if he came back, after that parting gesture of fury. It would be worse if he did not.

When the doorbell rang at ten o'clock Margaret's nervous fingers dropped a glass shattering into the sink.

To be continued
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AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting February 14

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, tan, orange.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Wed.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Saturday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, rose.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 23-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Tues., Thursday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Thursday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

apartment, engaging in stimulating conversation.

"I see you are over it," James said to Sara one evening as they drank her excellent coffee by her cheerful fireside.

She looked at him questioningly. "Your affair of the heart," James reminded her.

"Not quite over it," Sara said gently, "but I'm finding it easier to bear."

"I'm glad, because there is something I wish to discuss with you — something personal."

"Yes?" Sara asked eagerly. "I need your assistance with an experiment."

"Yes," Sara said flatly.

"I've long believed that a successful marriage is based not on romantic love, but on mutual affection, respect, and psychological compatibility," James expounded. "It has been

Continuing . . . BLUEPRINT FOR LIVING

from page 21

my ambition to prove this by marrying a woman who is at least my equal in intelligence — who is neat, clean, and not unattractive. Someone who feels about me as I do about her. Do you follow me?"

"I'm way ahead of you," Sara assured him glumly. "What you are trying to say is that you have found such a woman."

James smiled at her. "I knew I could rely on your grasping the situation. Will you marry me, Sara?"

Sara said "uh," choked on her coffee and was pounded sympathetically on the back by James.

"That wasn't a very romantic proposal," she said at last.

"My dear Sara, if you hanker for

the shallow rewards of romance, don't marry me," James said. "At a very early age I mapped out a blueprint for living and, barring a few deviations, I have abided by it. I think we could share a very satisfactory and rewarding partnership."

"Will you be broken-hearted if I refuse?" Sara asked.

"I would forecast a mood of despondency," James admitted, "but application and new interests would overcome that. You've experienced the same thing yourself."

"But my interest was purely romantic," Sara pointed out, a certain coolness in her voice. "I wasn't looking for, I quote, a satisfactory

and rewarding partnership, unquote. I was hoping for delicious, delicious romance. You know, kisses in the moonlight."

"Good heavens," James said disapprovingly. "You can't base marriage on anything as ephemeral as, I quote, kisses in the moonlight, unquote."

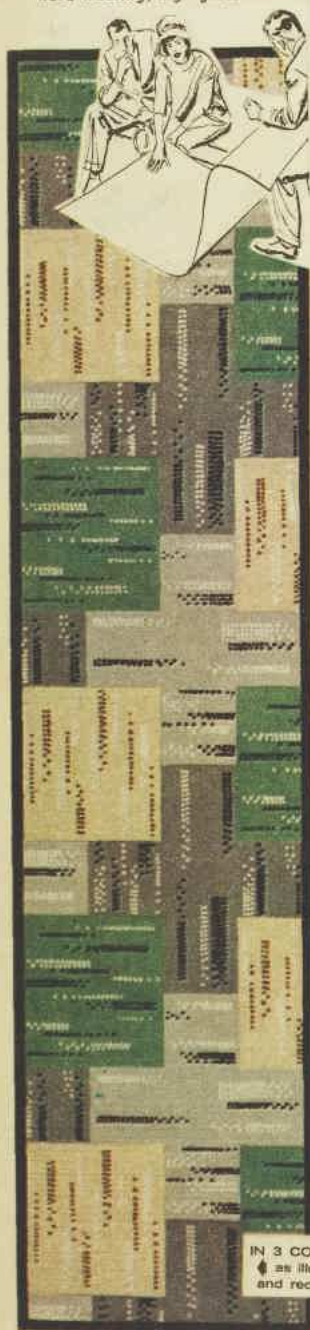
"Well," Sara said, "I guess when He created you He threw away the pattern as being impracticable, which is maybe just as well. Would you like to kiss me?"

"Yes, please," James said.

Sara put her arms around his neck and kissed him long and hard. James kissed her back, expertly and with savor, which was the way he always tackled a worthwhile project.

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Page 56

If his reactions were not all psychological he attributed it to excusable excitement at the fact that he had just entered upon an important stage in his blueprint for living.

James and Sara were married in a church, with all the trimmings. Sara had assured him of her willingness to undergo a quiet civil ceremony, but James was insistent on a traditional wedding. He leaned toward the theory that all females harbored a subconscious desire to be brides at least once in their lives. Who knew what psychological disturbances might beset Sara in the years ahead if she were deprived of her opportunity to wear filmy white held in place by orange blossom!

Sara, in filmy white held in place by orange blossom, was a vision to delight the heart of any man, even a dedicated psychologist.

They took the midnight boat-train en route for a quiet spot on the coast, a choice of honeymoon site which would, James happily assured his bride, give him a chance to catch up on his reading and would provide Sara with the opportunity of perfecting her psychology.

When they returned, Sara's psychology was still shaky and James' reading was still woefully behind schedule.

They set up house in a pocket-size bungalow with a large garden. James had his doubts about the house, particularly when the plumbing rumbled aggressively at the turn of a hot-water tap, but Sara had fallen in love with the garden.

"This garden and I will share a satisfying and rewarding partnership," Sara told her husband.

James grinned. "You have a sense of humor," he said to Sara. "I have to confess I am prone

FROM THE BIBLE

• "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."
(Authorized Version)

• "For everyone who asks receives, he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks, the door will be opened."
(New English Bible)
— Luke 11:10.

to take myself a little seriously. Does it worry you?"

"Don't give it another thought," Sara said airily, and kissed him on the ear. "You'll learn."

James smiled uncertainly. Since their marriage Sara had exhibited various frivolities of taste and behaviour which had hitherto escaped his notice. He had given the matter a lot of thought, and always reached the same satisfying but irrational conclusion: that it was very pleasant to be kissed on the ear by someone as pretty as Sara.

Their little house was a pleasant place. As well as being intelligent and well adjusted, Sara had a knack with curtains, casseroles, and cocktails. James, who had inclined toward the lean, hungry look, added a stone to his weight and an immeasurable amount to his social rating. "You will probably be assailed by periods of boredom," he said to Sara. "The change from business to domestic life affects most women with occasional feelings of frustration."

It was a Saturday morning. Sara looked at him from the top of the step-ladder where she was fixing a curtain rod. She was wearing slacks and a shirt with rolled-up sleeves, but she still looked, James was forced to admit to himself, as if she could raise a whistle from any university student not yet in his dotage.

"I don't feel any frustrations," Sara said. "How could I be bored when there's the house and the garden and these darling, tricky curtains to fix?"

She rested the curtain rod in her hand. "You do love me a little, don't you?" she asked James.

"Good heavens, of course I love you," James said, genuinely shocked. "You are a most important part of my life."

"I didn't mean the 'of course I love you' sort of love," Sara explained carefully. "I meant —"

She looked at her husband, who was in the act of removing his glasses, preparatory to giving her his polite, undivided attention.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 21, 1962

"Oh, never mind," she said, and returned to her curtain-fixing task. "We're going to have a baby early next year."

James stared at her. "Get down off that ladder," he said. Sara gave a gurgle of laughter. "Having a baby is a perfectly natural process, for which women are physically constructed," she informed James. "However, the average woman needs psychological preparation for the great event. Isn't that what you were going to say?"

"Yes," James said, and looked sheepish. "Please get off that ladder."

"In a minute," Sara said. "I feel I should warn you that I am neither depressed, nervy, nor frightened. On the contrary, I am pleased, proud, and disgustingly healthy. Can it be that I am so normal I am abnormal?"

"I have a primitive urge to hand out cigars and purchase a giant teddy-bear," James said. "Self-analysis can sometimes be disconcerting. There is an excellent series of books on child care by Fielder and Irving. They pay particular attention to the mental stability of the pre-kindergarten age group."

"Put on the percolator," Sara said. "I have an absolute yearning for coffee and cheese biscuits."

"Now, Sara, you know these yearnings are just psychological manifestations."

"All right, I'll do it myself," she said with perfect good humor. "I'll do it," James answered hastily. "Please get off that ladder and put up your feet, or something."

Sara's laughter followed him out to the kitchen, where he put tea in the percolator, set out chocolate instead of dry cheese biscuits, and finally stood looking down at his fumbling hands, shaking his head and smiling foolishly.

SIMON FURNESS DARROW was born at three o'clock on a morning six months later. Sara Darrow, his mother, produced him with the minimum of fuss, while James Furness Darrow, his father, paced the waiting-room and infuriated the staff by demanding a specialist's attendance.

In later years James looked back on that morning, knowing it marked not only the birth of his son but of himself as an ordinary harassed human being.

Sara had awakened him at midnight. "Time to go," she said.

James sprang out of bed. "Keep perfectly calm," he instructed Sara as he crashed into the door in his search for the light-switch.

"I am perfectly calm," Sara assured him. "Let's have some coffee and cheese biscuits before we go."

"Coffee and cheese biscuits!" James yelled. "Are you out of your mind?" "No," Sara said gently. "Are you?" He quietened down a little after that.

While James hovered, Sara drank her coffee and munched her biscuits with the maddening, complacent slowness of the female advanced in pregnancy.

The hospital had been alerted, but they were greeted calmly by the receptionist as if, James said huffily to Sara, people had babies every day.

"They do, darling," Sara reminded him, and smiled at the sister who had answered the receptionist's call.

"Now, remember all the reading we've done together," James reminded his wife. "Just remain calm and relaxed."

The sister looked at Sara and then at James. "All right, poppa," she said pleasantly. "Allow us to get on with this job, which is for women only."

"This is my wife's first baby," James informed her, using the tone he reserved for backward students of psychology.

The sister's eyebrows arched in tolerant recognition of a novice. "I can see that," she replied. "There's a padded waiting-room at the end of the corridor."

She took Sara's arm and James stood back, quelled by the combined feminine superiority of his wife and her guardian.

Continuing . . . BLUEPRINT FOR LIVING

from page 56

"Isn't your husband James Darrow, the psychologist?" the sister asked Sara as they walked away.

Sara gave a grimace which was meant to be a smile. "Yes, poor darling," she said.

Simon Furness Darrow was a handsome, healthy child, endowed with his father's features and his mother's sweet nature.

James had accumulated an impressive array of textbooks on the care, feeding, and general training of the human baby. Sara dusted them regularly.

In vain did James search for the predicted signs of tension and weariness in his wife. Sara bloomed. If she had a disturbed night with the baby, she appeared at breakfast the next

morning yawning like a sleepy kitten, her hair fluffed out, but her temper unimpaired.

"You should let me give him his night bottle," James said one morning. "You can't feed him in the middle of the night without impairing your health."

Sara chuckled. "There's nothing the matter with my health. I'm doing exactly what I always dreamed of doing. When I think of those days at the office, with telephones ringing and people coming in with problems about workers getting caught in cog-wheels because their mothers-in-law made them feel inferior—ugh!"

"I didn't know you felt that way

about the office," James said, rather huffily.

Sara flipped a perfect pancake on to his plate and kissed the top of his head.

"I didn't then, but I do now. A good example of adjustment."

"I still think Simon should be made to sleep through the night," James said stubbornly. "The book says—"

"Oh, the book," Sara said airily. "How would you like to wake in the dark of the night and have no one to cuddle you?"

"A good point well presented," James admitted, and fell silent.

Round about this time Sara observed her husband's reading habits were undergoing a radical change. He neglected his psychology books and

showed a marked preference for poetry, with accent on the sonnets.

As she tidied his desk one morning, a slim volume escaped from beneath a text book and fell open, as if from much usage, at Elizabeth Browning's immortal love sonnet. Sara read aloud:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
"I love thee to the depth and breadth and height."

"My soul can reach . . ."

She smiled thoughtfully and replaced the book. "Well, well, well," Sara said inadequately and hugged Simon Furness Darrow so hard that that placid child was forced to register a series of protesting grunts.

James came home that night to be met by a wife who greeted him tenderly and neglected to inform him

To page 58

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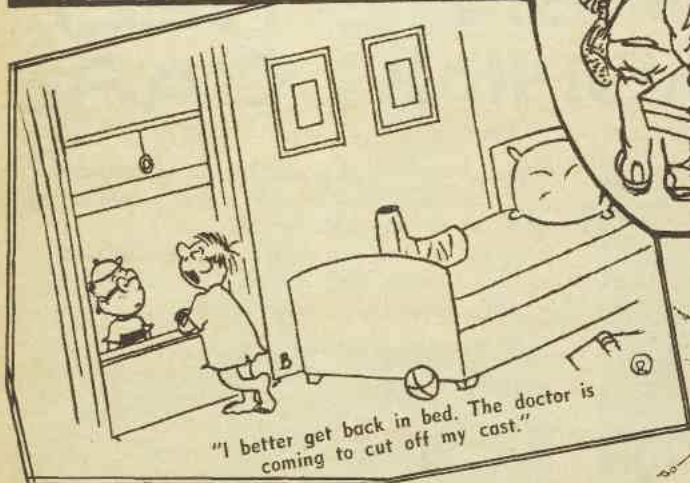
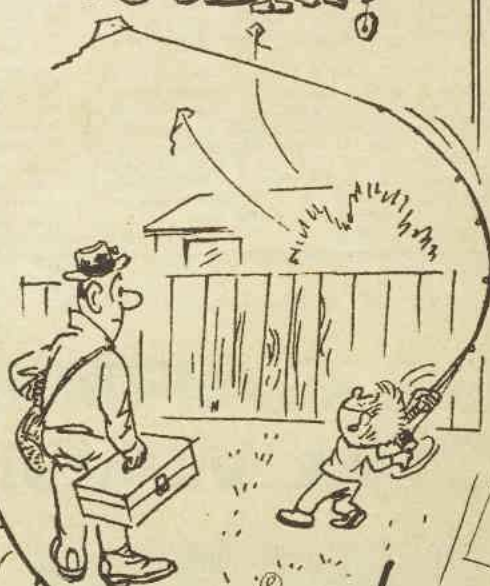
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Continuing . . . BLUEPRINT FOR LIVING

from page 57

that the plumbing was acting in a truly alarming fashion.

"Have a pleasant day, dear?" James inquired as he kissed the back of Simon's head and then turned his attention to Sara.

"Lovely," Sara told him, thinking of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." "Professor Kard was here for afternoon tea. He thinks Simon is adorable. James, do you think we could ask the prof to be godfather. It would please him so much."

"If you like," James said, with a marked lack of enthusiasm. "He's here rather a lot, isn't he?"

Sara paused in her mixing of drinks.

"Only about once a week. I

think he's lonely. He likes to see Simon."

"He likes to see you," James said, knowing that Professor Kard's interests covered fields wider than his chosen subject of philosophy. He accepted his drink, which he downed in one gulp. "Kard is, and always has been, an old wolf."

Sara turned to face her husband, whose face was flushed with anger and who exhibited all the signs of someone with a severe emotional disturbance—possibly jealousy.

"Not so old," Sara said. "He's only forty-five."

"So," James said, and poured himself another drink.

"We often talk of you," Sara said carefully, knowing she was treading on dangerous ground. "I told him all about our blueprint for living and he nearly died laughing."

"He did, did he?" James snapped.

"I hope you don't mind my mentioning it," Sara said, "but it has occurred to me that you have been rather—uh—distracted these past few weeks."

"Distracted is right," James muttered. "Sara, do you love me?"

"Of course I love you," Sara said.

"I don't mean the 'of course

I love you' sort of love," James said. "I mean the romantic, kisses in the moonlight sort of love."

"You mean am I in love with you?" she asked. "What an abominable term."

James groaned. "I used to think so, but now—"

Sara put her arms around his neck.

"How can I tell? You've never kissed me in the moonlight."

"That can be remedied," James said eagerly. "I have already checked with the meteorological station. There will be a full moon tonight. Get your coat. We are going to drive down to the sea and I am going to kiss you in the moonlight."

"What about Simon?" Sara asked, tightening her arms around her husband's neck. "The book says babies should be bedded down straight after dinner."

"To hell with the book," James said recklessly. "Put Simon in his basket on the back seat. My son is going to learn early that romance is essential to any blueprint for living."

"That's all I wanted to know," Sara said. "Kiss me, darling."

James kissed her. Some light years later he surfaced for air. Everything was the same. Simon was still in his pram. Sara was still in his arms. Only he and his blueprint for living had changed.

He looked around the pleasant living-room of his pleasant little house. His eyes moved from Simon to Sara, and his expression was that of a man loved and loving.

"All this and psychology, too," said James Furness Darrow blissfully.

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"The Thirty-First of June"

J. B. Priestley (Heinemann), 18/9.

A deliciously wicked fairytale set on two planes of time — 1000 years or more apart — but in the same place in England. On one end the setting is a fairytale castle — on the other a modern office building. The heroine is Princess Melicent, daughter of a monarch in King Arthur's legendary England. In a magic mirror she has seen her true love—he is Sam Penty, a pipe-smoking artist employed by a modern advertising agency. An impish dwarf is sent through time to bring Sam back to Melicent; but meanwhile a rival magician muddles things by taking Melicent to modern times, where she is immediately grabbed for a television programme. Other people, too, get juggled through time, and the result is hilarious. The wonderfully funny stabs at attitudes to life in both ages should please the young at heart from six to sixty-six.

"A Bushman's Harvest"

Jack Hyett (Cheshire), 32/-.

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There is a section on "Finding Out"—the author says "most naturalists have soft spots in their hearts for children. The world is so fresh and novel to them, and their perceptions have not been blunted."

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needed something to do. He was restless and uneasy in the room. If only there were a handy lawn around for him to mow, or a tree for him to chop... He wanted to go now, but felt he shouldn't leave her.

For two days there had been nothing he could do but watch and wait and hold her hand. He who was made to plunge right in with both fists swinging had stood by bewildered, with nothing to fight, while the nurses ran around chirping and the doctor looked dignified and concerned.

"I'm tired," she said. "Do you mind if I sleep some more?"

He leaned over and kissed her. His chin felt so rough. I want a smooth, cool face against mine, she thought. I want soft hands and a gentle voice. I want my mother.

"The doctor said it would be several months before you got your strength back. It was one of those things he couldn't have foreseen. But you're all right now," Mac explained to her, reassuring himself and at the same time apologising for the pain he blamed himself for causing her.

"It's all right, darling," she said. "It wasn't so terrible, you know."

He left and she sighed. The tears came again and her body shook. Unannounced, the doctor strode in, followed by an anxious little retinue of nurses and one intern. "Feeling better?" his voice boomed, and she knew at once that he felt guilty, too, for the difficult labor that had been no one's fault.

"Yes," she said, but there was no hope of hiding her tears.

He frowned at her chart, embarrassed. All these big, embarrassed men, she thought. "A little depressed?" he asked.

She nodded. "That happens. It's a nervous reaction. Happens to everyone. Usually it isn't until the third day... Sleeping draught," he muttered to the nurse.

He came and stood by the bed, looking down at her with a faintly puzzled expression on his face. Perhaps he had delivered a thousand babies, but how could he know anything

Continuing . . .

A SMILE FOR HIM TONIGHT

from page 27

about what it was like to have a child? He patted her shoulder. "You'll feel better soon."

The clumsy gesture of encouragement undid her completely, and, no longer able to help herself, she gave way to sobs.

"There," he muttered, looking ill at ease. "There. It's just nerves."

"I want my mother," she sobbed. "I want my mother."

When she woke up again it was growing dark outside. For

thing your own way and you certainly run this wretched place to suit yourselves, but you're not going to make me eat just because it fits into your schedule. I'm not hungry, and I won't eat."

The young girl looked distressed and Nora relented. "Why don't you call the doctor?" she suggested. "Tell him I'd rather not have dinner. I'm sure he'll say it's all right."

The girl brightened. "I'll

would all die and leave me alone! I'm so tired, Nora thought. So tired, so tired. The words began to rock up and down in her head, like a boat bobbing at anchor.

In came another nurse. "All most time to see the baby!" she cried.

"I'm too tired."

"Too tired to see your baby?"

"Yes. Too tired to see my baby. Too tired to hold him."

"Why, you'll change your mind as soon as they bring him in."

"I don't want to see him! I can't bear to see him!" Her voice, as detached from her as her hand had been, was a scream.

The nurse hurried from the room. Nora dropped back, shivering and sobbing. She was so cold. She saw, suspended above her, her mother's heart-shaped face. She saw the heavy mass of brown hair, the large green eyes, the beautiful, sensitive mouth. She heard the gay laugh.

Her mother filled the room as blossoms fill an orchard in spring — as if she had just swept in dressed for dinner, smelling of jasmine and wearing pearls, bending over to kiss Nora goodnight and to give the final tuck that made the bed safe and secure.

The nurse returned with a needle, jabbing it efficiently into Nora's thigh while Nora continued to cry. Her mother sat now in a corner, quiet and calm, sharing with her this unbearable tenderness, this protectiveness, this overwhelming responsibility that had come upon them both — knowing as Nora knew, knowing with Nora, all that might happen to snuff out this tiny, new self, this freshly born soul.

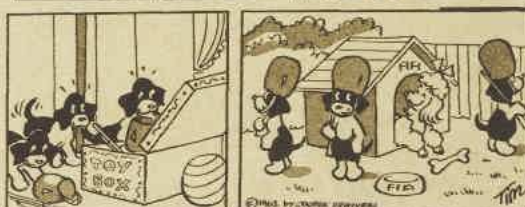
I cannot bear it, Nora repeated to herself. I cannot bear it. I am not strong enough to stand it. But all the time her mother sat there, bearing it with her.

To page 62

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



a minute she felt safe and warm there in bed, and then the awareness of a loss reached her and she sat up, looking at the leaves, black against a pink sky. A nurse's aide rushed into the room. "Time for supper!" she declared, diving for the pillow behind Nora's head.

"I'm not hungry."

"Come, come," she insisted, beating the pillow. "We have to get back our strength."

"I'm not hungry," Nora repeated, looking right at her. "Now, you people have every-

try to reach him right away."

Nora leaned back and regarded her hand as if it were a thing completely separate from her. After a while the nurse's aide returned. "He says you don't have to eat," she announced, as if this were a governor's reprieve a minute before the execution. "He ordered this pill for you."

"Another one?"

"It will make you feel better."

The girl clicked away again. How lovely it would be if they

Seeing Joan Wilkins really threw me! She looked so young!



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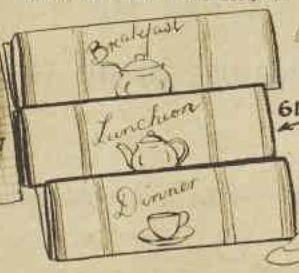
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 21, 1962

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"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommended enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

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M25A

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

All the family will love **Everybody's**

Page 61

The nurse returned once more. "Almost visiting time," she said.

"I don't want to see anyone," Nora answered, awaiting the "of course," the "you must," the "we."

But this was a different nurse. She came and stood by the bed. There were deep lines of worry on her forehead; her eyes were large and blue; her mouth, which had known much suffering, was sweet. "What is it?" she asked gently.

"I want my mother."

"Is there any way I can get her for you?"

"She's dead!" Nora cried. "She's dead!"

"I see," the nurse murmured.

"Would you stop my husband from coming? I just can't manage a smile for him tonight. He'll be so worried if he sees me now. He won't understand."

Continuing . . . A SMILE FOR HIM TONIGHT

from page 60

"I'll phone. I'll go call right now and tell him you're resting."

"I never cried when she died," Nora recalled. "She didn't die—she was killed. And she was so afraid of planes . . ." She shook her head back and forth in protest; a spasm went through her body. The nurse waited. "I got through the funeral," Nora gasped, "went through all her clothes, her letters, her pictures. I found a lock of my hair . . . I never cried."

"You go on and cry now," the nurse said consolingly.

"I always thought if I started I would never stop." She smiled a trembling smile, seeking to regain her balance. "I thought I would

dissolve into a pool of tears on the floor . . . Will you be here later?"

"I'll be here until midnight," the nurse said, and she squeezed Nora's hand before she left the room.

She lived through it all, throughout that night. Despite the drug, the injection, and her own exhaustion, she stayed awake until the sky was a cold silver and the town clock struck five. Sometimes she cried and sometimes she lay taut and still. She pictured the crash, which she had resolutely refused ever to do. She saw the trapped and panic-stricken people, the flames; she

smelled the smoke, and she heard the awful screams.

She lived once more through the funeral, but this time she wasn't numb and stupefied; and when she saw her mother's casket carried off she wept.

And then there came a great rush of memories, things she had not thought about in years. She remembered her mother's room, which was white (white as this room), and she remembered sitting across from her by the fire, sipping tea, while her mother wrote letters with a crystal pen and looked up from time to time to smile. She remembered the time her first serious boy-friend had abandoned her for another girl, and she

and her mother had gone for a walk together.

Her mother had asked, "Is there some way I can help?" and Nora had replied, tight-lipped with hurt, "I know I'll get over it."

"You'll never get over it," her mother had said. "People don't get over loss. But after a while it becomes a part of them. As the holes of a sponge are a part of it."

She saw her mother in a hundred outfits, saw her laughing, saw her serious, saw her sad. And then, when she had leaped through those, she thought about what her mother was going to miss. She thought first how proud her mother would have been to have a grandson.

She thought how they would have bathed him together in a warm, sweet-smelling room with the light soft and rosy, how they would have dressed him up. She imagined the things her mother would have got him, frivolous and extravagant things that only a grandmother could be allowed to give, from an electric train too complicated for him to work to—some day—a foreign car.

She imagined him dressed up in his first suit, with an Eton collar, going out to lunch with his beautiful grandmother and sharing with her secrets that he could share with no one else.

She cried for her mother's loss and for her son's loss and for her own loss, and then she thought how they would have packed his things for camp and watched him at football and worried through his illness and cuts and breaks and finally, with heavy hearts, have sent him off into the service and to dangers completely out of their hands.

And when the sky became silver she slept, very deeply. When she woke she was hungry and she longed to see her baby.

MAC came with a bottle of champagne, a loaf of French bread, and cheese. She had put on a new bed-jacket and had spent a long time fixing her hair.

"You feel better," he said as soon as he walked in.

"I'm much better," she told him with conviction.

"I thought we'd have some champagne before dinner. I asked the doctor. He said it would do you good." He looked at her in a mirror above the bureau as he fooled around with the champagne cork. He pushed it out with a victorious pop. "Would you like some bread and cheese?" he asked.

"I'm ravenous. Have you seen him today?"

"Yes."

"But behind glass. I want you to hold him."

He turned, carrying two glasses filled to the brim. "I'll feel better when I get hold of him," he said. "I'll feel better when I get hold of both of you."

She smiled. "Will you?" she asked. "I fed him today." She felt the heaviness of her breasts and saw once more her baby's squeezed-shut eyes and eager, bird-like mouth. His face had shrivelled up in bliss when he found her breast. She had placed a finger in his hand and the tiny fingers had immediately clasped it, making her laugh.

Mac sat on the edge of the bed. "What was the trouble last night, sweetheart? I worried about you."

She held on to his hand. "It's a little hard to explain. I felt so weak and exhausted, and all at once I began to miss my mother. And I cried. You know, I never cried when she was killed. I never let myself think about it. I never thought about her, either. And I realised at some point in the night that she didn't have to be as dead as I had made her. She never had to be as far away as I had put her."

"You really do feel stronger now?" he asked, not understanding what she meant but comprehending the change in her.

"Why, yes. I feel strong. I feel as if I had cried for her and she came to me. That's all it took. And once she came, I was all right."

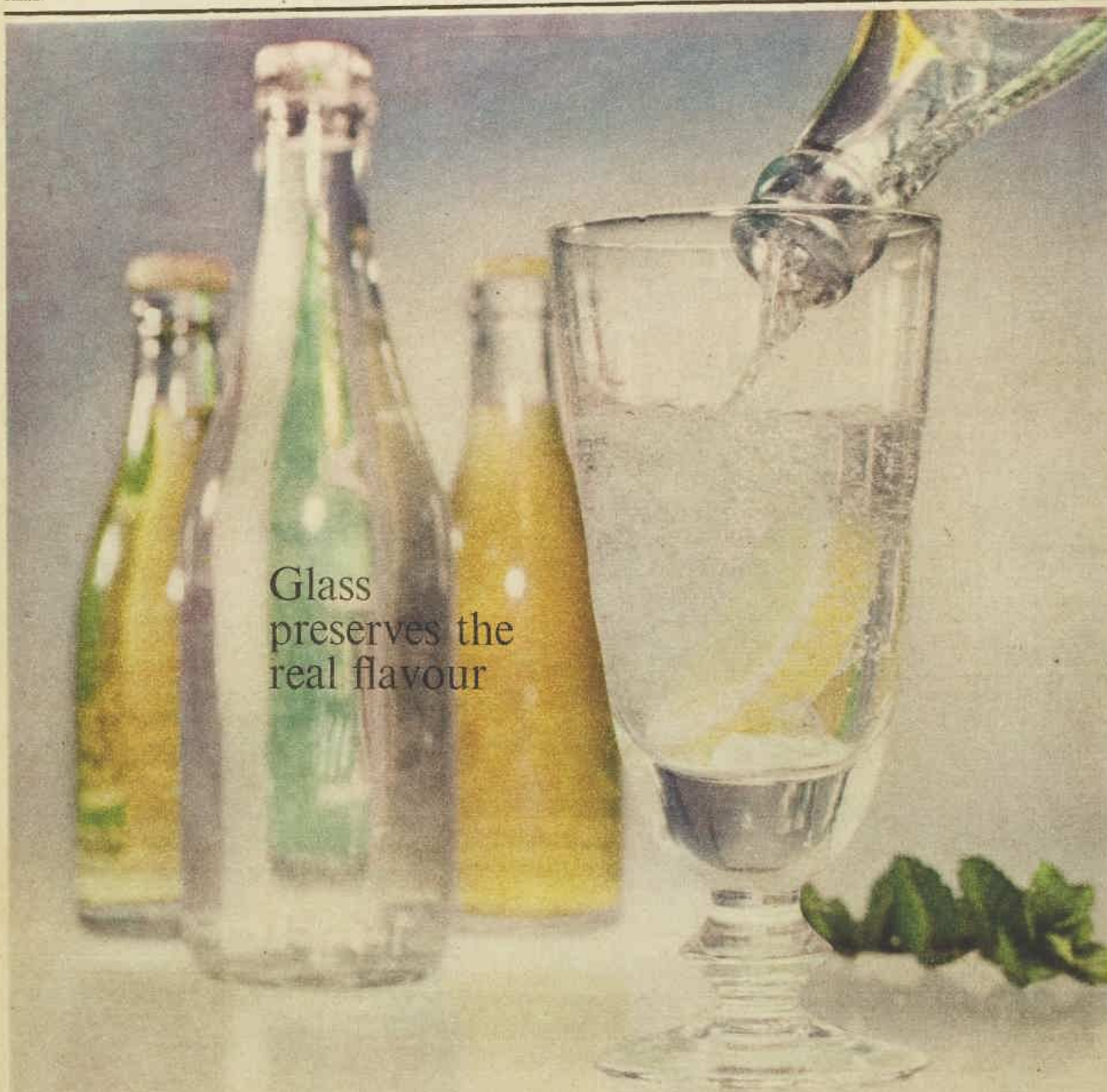
"All that matters to me is that you're all right." He let go her hand. "Shall I get you more cheese?"

"Yes," she said, smiling up at him.

"You look very pretty. It makes me glad to see you smile."

And over in the corner she saw her mother nod her head in agreement and approval, discreetly folding her gown around her legs and getting up to leave them alone together, knowing that everything was all right now, just exactly as it should be.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—February 21, 1962

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is in Hometown, where Brains, a notorious criminal, has let the animals out of the zoo to create a diversion while he robs the bank. NOW READ ON...



NIGHT—AT THE HOMETOWN ZOO!



WHAT'S THE MATTER BOY? HEY—!



ESCAPED—LION! THIS GUN—NO GOOD AGAINST HIM—BEST I CAN DO—IS SCARE HIM OFF—



BETTER TELL THE ZOO PEOPLE—GOOD NIGHT! THEY'RE—ALL OUT!



I'M TELLING YOU—I JUST CAME FROM THE ZOO—ALL THE CAGES ARE OPEN! ALL THE ANIMALS ARE OUT! LIONS—TIGERS—ELEPHANTS—



JERRY—ARE YOU SOBER? HE SOUNDS SOBER—AND SCARED! LET'S GET MOVING!



—INTERRUPTING THIS PROGRAMME TO ANNOUNCE EMERGENCY POLICE BULLETIN. HOMETOWN CITIZENS—STAY IN HOMES—ALL THE—WHAT?—ANIMALS ESCAPED FROM ZOO—!



WHY'D THEY STOP THE FILM—?



POLICE ANNOUNCEMENT! ALL OUR ZOO ANIMALS ESCAPED—PLEASE REMAIN IN THIS THEATRE—!



—KEEP OFF THE STREETS—CLOSE DOORS AND WINDOWS—STAY INSIDE—UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!



WE'LL WAIT A HALF HOUR—UNTIL EVERYTHING'S REALLY SNARLED UP—THEN THE BANK!



GOSH—BRAINS—THIS IS ROBBERING A BANK—THE HARD WAY!



CONTINUED

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- The typist's chair could provide such a scientist (12).
- This is a spirit (3).
- Naturally inherent (7).
- Implements for scrubbing (7).
- Appeared a flower (5).
- Particle which is hardly bigger than the formula at the head of a legal document (6).
- In the rear with a showy radiated flower on the top (6).
- Left the ground in a Paris entertainment (5).
- Love-lies-bleeding belongs to this genus, where mother has a tirade (7).
- Warded off (7).
- Part of the foot which leads to eternity (3).
- The exceptions that prove the rules (7, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- This religion is best in prayer (12).
- Kind of fermented milk (7).
- A lump with a Barbarian start (5).
- Detention which ends in rest (6).
- These could enrage bulls (3, 4).
- Tempera painting, unadorned in music (5).
- Other ways to change aborigines (12).
- Insane in claut (7).
- Men's ale (Anagr., 7).
- A cad in a capital city of a Greek island (6).
- Sharply inclined and hardly more than a step (5).
- A buffoon in cat (5).

Solution will be published next week.



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refreshes throughout day and night to keep your baby comfy and contented.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 21, 1963